

THE MAX HEADROOM'S GUIDE TO LIFE

THE WORLD'S FIRST
COMPUTER-GENERATED
SUPERSTAR AND SEX SYMBOL
TAKES LIFE TO THE MAX!

ADAPTED FOR ORDINARY PEOPLE



THRIFTBOOKS

BY DAVID HANSEN AND PAUL OWEN

MAX HEADROOM'S GUIDE TO LIFE

David Hansen and Paul Owen



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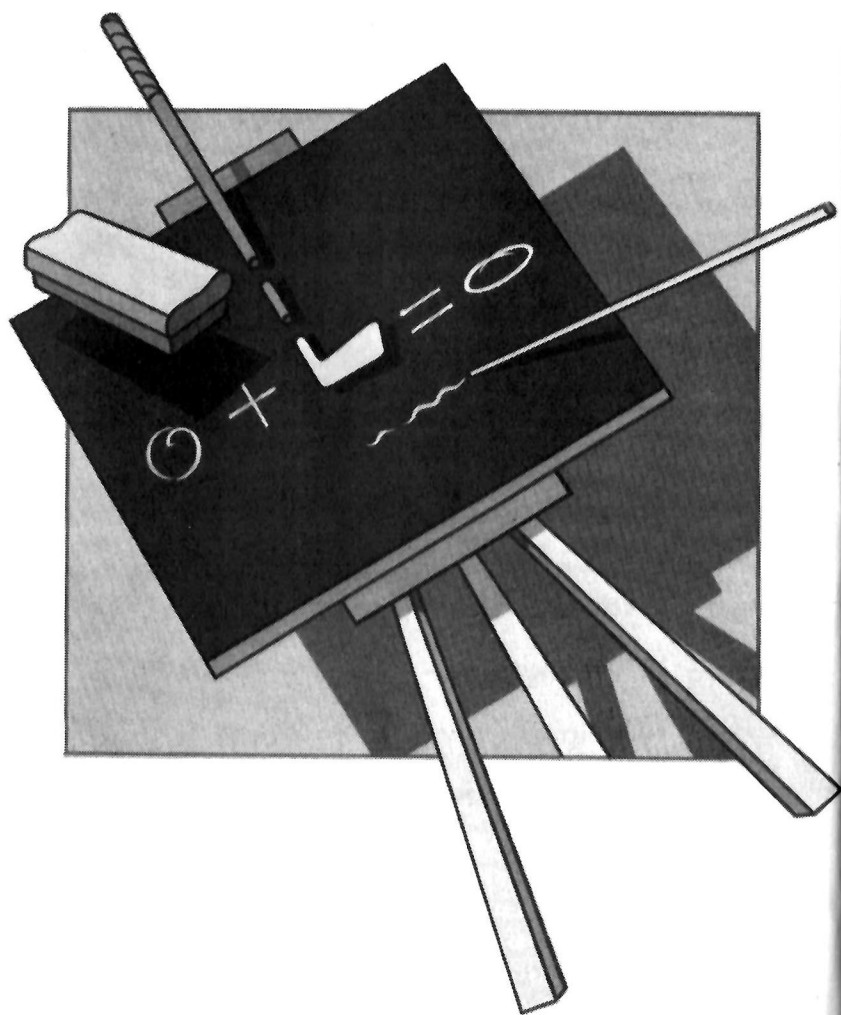
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Appendix



Well, it's back to school, isn't it? And although My Guide is not yet a textbook for school or any other professional exams, one day it will be! So don't just read it, memorize it as well, and get together with your friends and test each other. It's the only way to learn!

To Myself

MAX OPENS THE BOOK

Dear Ordinary Person!

Well hi there! No, you're not dreaming – it really is Me, talking to you! And I want to say how much I'm looking forward at last to addressing some bright, interested and intelligent people! But unfortunately I've got to write this book for you first! (Just a Max joke – let's not be too serious!)

So let Me start off by telling you a little about Myself, as if you don't already know! Now it is rather common knowledge that recently I have become, in My own humble little way, enormously popular! And you know what it's like when you're in demand! . . . (Well you don't, but I do!) Yes it's all "go here," "fly there," "appear at this," "give a little talk at that" – My time just isn't My own! Yes, believe it or not, there came a point where I thought I might have to have this guide ghostwritten by Fernando Valenzuela!

But enough about My irritating little problems – what's My Guide about? Well, I was asked not long ago to write The Max Headroom Life Story – a sort of "*fictobiog*," a bit of a "*rockumentary*," something in the line of a "*panodrama*"! I said yes, fine – but unfortunately nobody could tell Me what they meant! (Actually I love those words! Words like "*faction*," which is a result of "*fiction*" crossing the word "*fact*" – unlike "*friction*," which is a result of My ex-producer Tim crossing Me!)

So in the end, somebody said, "Max, please give us some advice on life!"

And here it is – My Guide for you, to take up and put down as you wish – with tips on everything from your home to your emotions, your friends to your clothes, your dinner table to your toilet! Either follow the course through Stage by Stage, or just dip into it freely last thing at night or first thing in the morning!

Yes, it's yours – have fun with it, and feel that beautiful sense of growing and self-improvement that comes with doing some work on yourself!

Finally, I suppose I ought to say a word about the two individuals who volunteered – in fact thrust themselves forward – to “help” Me write My Guide, would you believe! They call themselves David Hansen and Paul Owen, and I’ve let them become involved because this is a Guide for Ordinary People, and I really cannot think of anybody more ordinary than these two!

You see what they have been doing since My first television appearance is listening eagerly to everything I say and writing it down. So now they call themselves My “writers”! And if you met them (and God knows, I hope you never have to go through that!), they would tell you that they “wrote” My television show, that they are “writing” this book, and that they “write” My columns and articles! Really – self-delusion is so sad, don’t you think!

And to be honest, the prospect of sitting facing these two rather dull, harmless and well-meaning individuals for the next week or so, and staring at two pairs of flared jeans with pieces of bright curtain-material sewn into the seam at the bottom, plus two identical safari jackets and four scuffed brown Hush Puppies doesn’t exactly make for a scintillating life, I can tell you!

But there it is! As I said, they’re Ordinary People, very well meaning – and it’s probably a good thing to have them adapt My advice for you, in simple plain language that you, and even these two, can understand! I just wish they’d take those silly Grateful Dead and Iron Butterfly stickers off their briefcases!

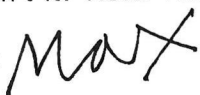
Well, enough of this, let’s get on with My guide – and you and I will see how much progress we can make together!

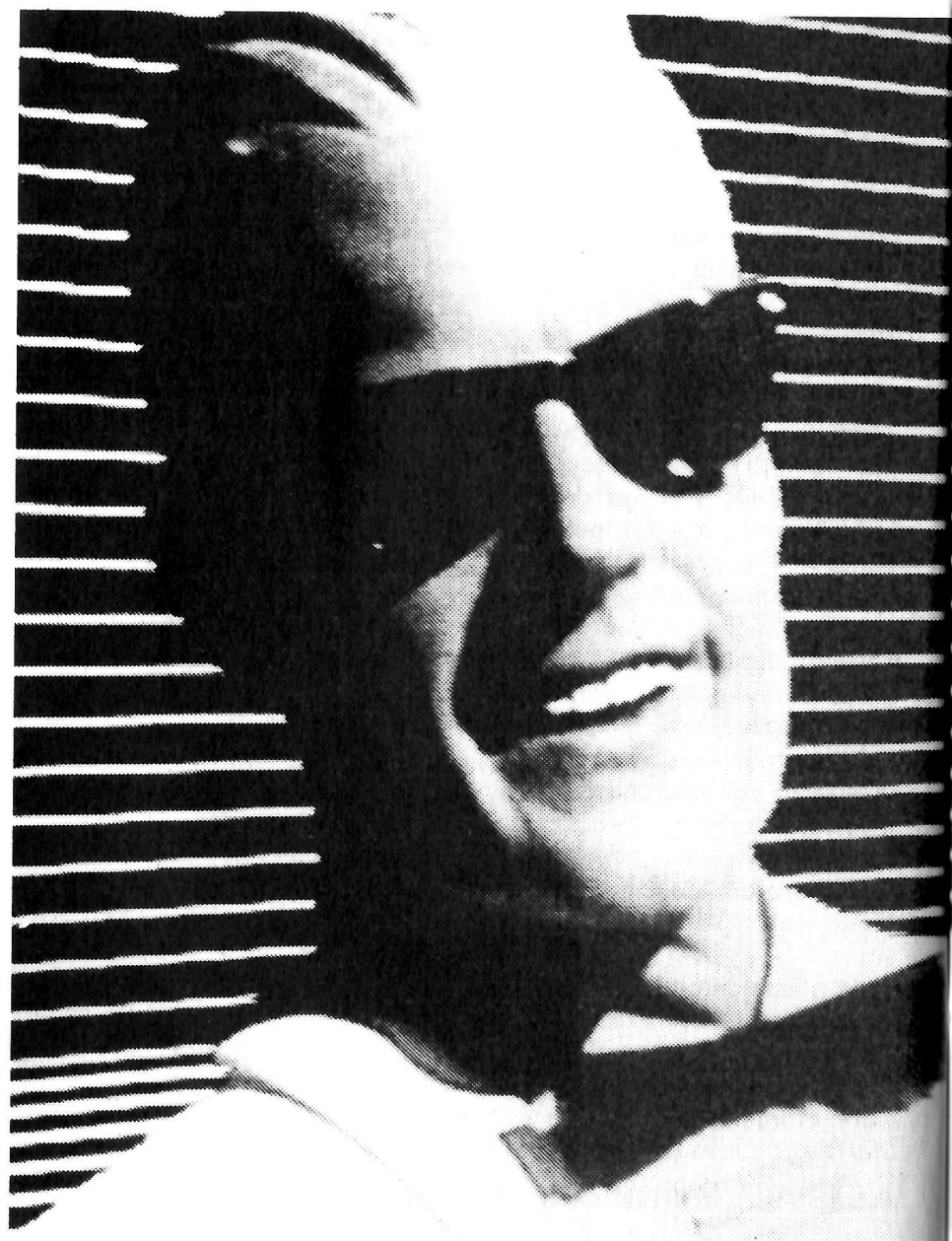
Enjoy it – and as one of these two effigies said to Me only this morning in his rather flat monotonous voice:

“Don’t forget, Max – today is the first day of the rest of your life!” . . .

Pathetic, isn’t it? Never mind, here we go!

Good luck

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink that appears to read "Max". The letters are connected and fluid, with a long, sweeping tail on the final letter.





● MAX HEADROOM'S GUIDE TO -



P

**ERSONAL
STYLE**

**-AIM FOR
PERFECTION**



our style is the most important statement you can ever make about yourself.

I think you will agree that I have style – My problem is to explain style to you, because it is a very hard word to define, especially to

Ordinary People who probably do not have any – like yourself.

So let us take an example. Mickey Spillane, that nattily dressed novelist, has two important elements of style. Like Me, he is funny – unlike Me, he is fat. This is why I find it strange when people compare the two of us, because we are so different. You see, I don't have to camp halfway up a flight of stairs for a week to get My breath back. But that's just a little joke – it's his style, and he enjoys it.

Let us take another TV personality, the extraordinarily dry-witted Merv Griffin. You can see him as a child, can't you? I bet he had elastic tape stuck over not one lens of his glasses, but both of them. And that was his style.

But I'm not writing this to be unkind about people – it's not in My nature. No, this is **My Guide for you**, so I'm going to begin by taking several different areas of style, and helping you to look at them through My eyes. Exciting, isn't it? So here we go.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU WEAR!

This is of course a very famous phrase, obviously coined by someone colorful and fashion-conscious – someone like the Ayatollah Khomeini. Yes he's not afraid to "go out on a limb" with his clothes. (Or on somebody else's limb.)

But the phrase just isn't true – the fact is, you are **where you shop!** Places that play **deafening disco music** are good, because the assistants rarely ask you your size, they couldn't hear even if you told them, and most of them don't care anyway. In fact a simple inquiry about a shirt, bellowed into the assistant's ear with Bruce Springsteen roaring in the background, is likely to lead to the following exchange:

ORDINARY PERSON: Excuse me, does this come in any other size?

ASSISTANT: Yeah – twelve-inch or compact disc!



So you see, you are much more likely to end up with something that's the wrong color for you and doesn't fit. The result is that you look different, and that's important.

Don't worry if you get out of the shop and discover that what you thought were black trousers in medium are actually turquoise in extra large. Wear them! Heavy *turquoise cords* can be a real talking point at parties, especially if the hem you've had to take up inside is so thick it looks as if you're wearing shin pads.

Contrast this with the Men's Department in a large store – no noise, helpful assistants, and you'll probably end up with something that fits you. Not the way to be noticed, is it?

And do remember: if you buy *stonewashed jeans* and *baggy army-type fatigues*, do *not* let your Mom get to them first. A sharp ironing-crease can look very smart, but will make it impossible to persuade someone you're trying to impress at a party that you don't live at home.

And what about another very stylish item of clothing: anoraks – for you Americans that's a parka, but for the sake of the punch line at the end of this joke we'll stick with anorak. These anoraks are often described as "*roomy*" – basically because they have room for a large housing complex inside them, and leave absolutely no room outside for anyone to sit next to you on the bus.

But do be extremely careful when wearing them: they keep in the heat and are so warm that in even mild weather you can lose pounds in weight and virtually waste away – a condition known as "anoraksia."

SPORTSWEAR

Those of you who saw My interview with Sting will remember how he said he doesn't like golf! Strange – I always thought he was a stylish person! (Even stranger, he still accepted the golf shoes I gave him – I've an idea he has them in mind for stagewear!) However I won't go on about

golf now – I know it's not everyone's favorite topic. So let's move on . . .

Ooh, golf! . . . Those delightful V-neck sweaters – all in glorious shades with romantic names like Lemon Grove Dawn and Strawberry Sunset! Those rain suits in shimmering blue! Those trousers, Minnesota Checks, that flap so stylishly in the breeze and flare out over the striped shoes! . . . I'm sorry – My two writers have just stopped Me in full flow! They really have no idea about style!

So, where was I? Ah yes – sporty clothes! Well I like **Nikes**. For casual wear, they really say "speed," don't they? In fact some have become so aerodynamic that by wearing them you can actually cross your legs faster than anyone else. (Although beware of doing this at home if you are wearing all-nylon trousers – the static can build up so much between the legs, the simple act of crossing them can easily fuse all the lights.)

But don't be put off your trainers. Let's face it, track speed is **so** important, when you are pottering about the house or visiting the library!

Another favorite of mine in casual wear is pastel-colored **tracksuits** – very popular with women when they are doing the shopping. Believe me, Carl Lewis is like a tortoise with a metal walker compared to some women in supermarket lines with their matching tracksuits and Nike trainers! I'd have them dope-tested!

In the field of sportswear, I am a great admirer of multi-colored **sweatbands** worn on the wrist or forehead. But a word of warning – if you insist on going out to play tennis in your local park with headbands, wristbands, minishorts, a logo shirt and an armful of rackets, just remember the risk of huge embarrassment when you use your well-rehearsed service grunt and smack the first fifteen balls straight over the wire fence into someone's garden!

BETWEEN THE SHEETS

I cannot imagine My Guide not becoming a school textbook for a course, so here is some verse on this subject.

Believe it or not, I wrote it on a train! And before you ask, "But Max, where's the usual clickety-clack rhythm?" let Me remind you that rails are now in one continuous piece – and anyway this was a subway train!



It's very short – only three verses – and in case you're wondering why, the answer is I left the rest of it on the train.

It's a very sad poem, called simply *"Pine For Me?"*

PINE FOR ME?

*They look trendy, don't they? All wooden and solid,
But sleeping on one is just bloody squalid
I've scraped My Max shins on more pine beds
Than I've scored holes-in-one at Hilton Head!*

*Air mattresses are comfy, but they often go flat
It depends what you do on them (but enough about that!)
A duvet is soft, like a soggy French crouton
Now, I'm stuck for a bed rhyme . . . er, Japanese futon!*

*You can stick your four-poster, with curtain-surround
And camp beds are drafty – too close to the ground
At the end of a party, if like Me you're a loafer
For "crashing out" gracefully, you can't beat a sofa!*

Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z

I don't really think it's My job to give you a detailed analysis of this poem – I know there are lots of English teachers who would love to be able to write verse themselves, and will be longing to trash Mine out of pure jealousy. Let them! Personally I love the William Blake "common man" touch in the second verse:

"Air mattresses . . ." Brilliant!

LOOKING GOOD ON THE BEACH

Many of you who have seen My TV show will know how keen I am that people look good and feel "right" on the beach.

This is important because most of the time (and here I am referring to holidays abroad) you are competing with French and German people who like to think they look better wearing nothing on the beach. Frankly, and I have to be honest, once you've seen one smooth brown body with tufts of hair poking out of all sorts of nooks and crannies, you've seen them all, and if they think it's stylish to look like a worn-out carpet that's up to them.

You see, I've always said that for footwear, *flip-flops* are a must. They are made of rubber, so in the heat they get very sticky and sweaty. They flap around, flicking sand over oil-covered French sunbathers, and wearing them it is very easy to trip and stumble up hotel steps, and stub your toes on bits of rock lying about – so lots of laughs for your friends! I promise you, they even make wooden clogs and splinters feel comfortable!

Also, they have a *sharp thong* which is guaranteed to open up at least a five-inch gap between your big toe and the rest of your foot. The good things about them go on and on, don't they? And being so sticky, they are better than a metal-detector at picking up absolutely everything on the beach – cigarette-butts, bottle-tops, chewing gum, dead cockroaches, and if you're really lucky, typhoid! See what I mean – just perfect for those *Mediterranean beaches*!

For girls, the big Romeo-puller has to be *coconut suntan-oil*. Again it is sticky and smelly, and you will be sure to attract almost anything on the beach, including sand, flies, and sandflies.

But do remember that you will smell like a Pina Colada, so if you fall asleep, don't be surprised if you get the occasional cherry stuck in your mouth!

Another real eye-catcher for men on the beach is *white Speedo swimming trunks* – very stylish, especially with a blob of black tar stuck on your bottom! Yes, there's no better way of keeping fit than having to walk miles along the beach looking for a clean patch of sand to sit on.

And you know, bearing in mind how skimpy they are, it

surprised Me when the Japanese invented a *miniature radio* that slips inside the front of Speedo trunks! In My usual silly way I thought this might look ridiculous, but they guarantee that on a beach you'll get a wonderful reception!

Those Japanese – what a sense of humor!



HAIR

Let's start with a type of hair that's got real style – the hair that some people have growing in their ears. If you are one of the unlucky ones who don't have any, do **not** try gluing on some that you have taken from your nose or under your arm, as a friend of Mine did. It was the wrong texture and somehow just didn't look right, also the whole lot came off in his local swimming pool and ended up blocking the filter.

I have a very smooth appearance – I'm lucky, but you know I do have a soft spot for **beards** – particularly when worn by men. Because they say something about a man. They say, "I've got thin lips, but with this beard you can't see them." They say, "I've actually got acne, but you can't 'spot' it!" (A little bit of fun there – if only My writers would give Me jokes like that!)

However I am always surprised by the classic question: "Do you think a beard would suit me?" Why do men spend so much time puzzling over this when a simple rub round the face with a piece of **burnt cork** or a quick scribble with a **felt-tip pen** in the morning would answer the question within minutes of arriving at work?

The point to remember about full beards and moustaches is that they have a knack of grabbing a shred of anything you put in your mouth, almost as if the beard has a will of its own and is saying, "I'm having a bit of that too!"

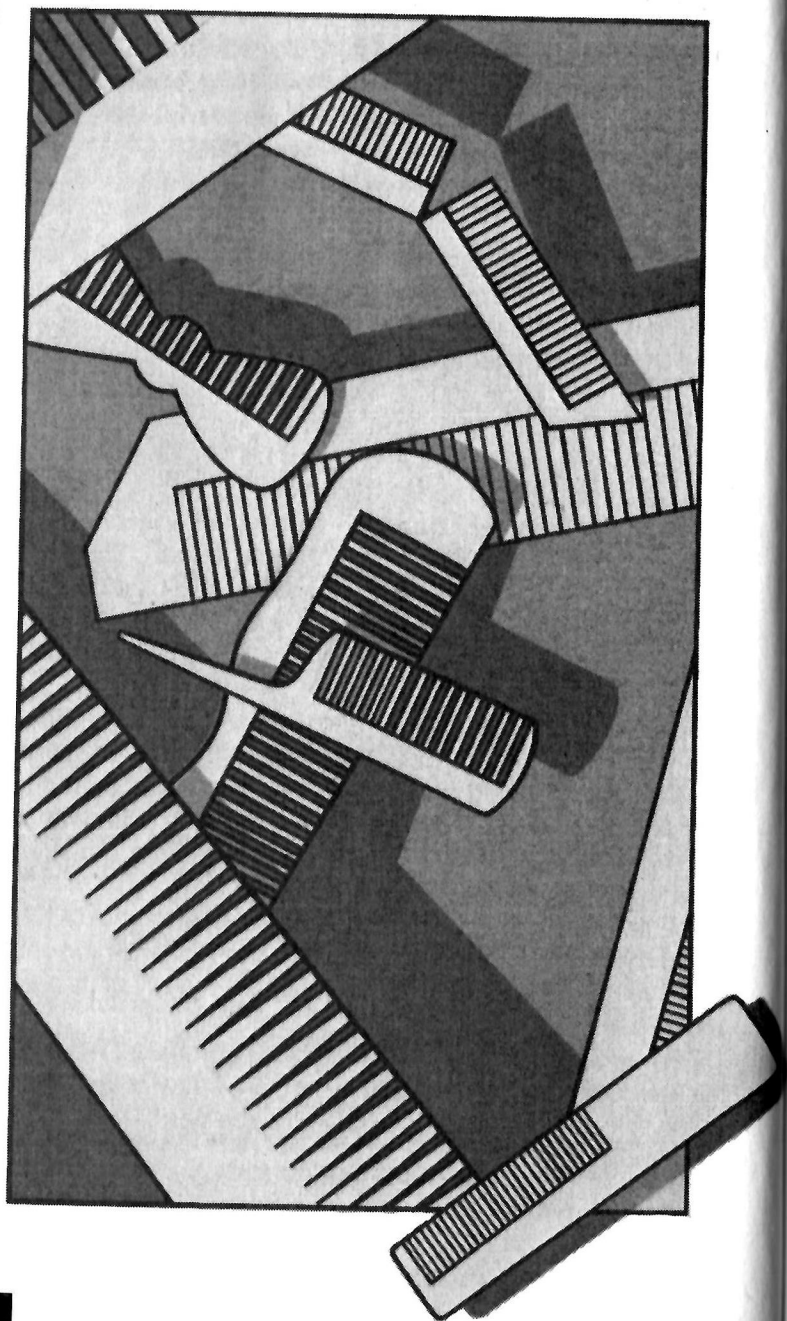
Then what does it do? Leaves it hanging there. Of course this can look very attractive, and here are a few of the most stylish things to leave glistening across the tips of your thick moustache:

(a) beer froth

(b) tomato soup (especially with blond or white beard)

PERSONAL STYLE

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(c) oatmeal (especially with dark beard)

(d) a large blob of mayonnaise after eating a prawn sandwich



Now to **haircuts**. Where to go? Well aren't the names of hair salons interesting? The owners of them are clearly fascinated by witty puns, and come up with terribly clever ones that you or I could never think of: Cut Above, Hair And Now, Beyond The Fringe, Clip Joint, Upper Cut, Hair Today Gone Tomorrow, Fringe Benefits, and of course the good old German favorite – Herr Trimm. Try to hunt out the most original – the staff are obviously very bright and will cut your hair with wit and intelligence.

On the other hand, I found one recently that is now definitely top of My Slick Name League: it's called "**We Cut Men's Hair.**" Now that's real style!

SMELLS

No, this isn't tasteless, so do not skip this section. Smell is all part of style, and it is important you learn to face the issue. You see all of you have – how can I put it – natural body odors. Unfortunately some people carry the odor further than nature ever intended by wearing **nylon shirts**. Now nylon is a man-made fabric and who knows, the man who made it may have had blocked sinuses! But the point is, how to deal with the problem?

Underarm deodorant is good and has the added feature that as the deodorant dries it tends to make the material brittle so every time you move, your shirt gives out a series of loud cracks, rather like radio interference, from the direction of your armpit – a real attention grabber at cocktail parties!

Another method is to wear the same pair of **socks** for a week and hope the smell from your feet will divert people's attention away from your armpits. In this state it should be an easy matter to secure a seat on the bus or the subway by strap hanging immediately above anybody sitting down. Even old ladies will scramble out of their seats just to escape!

It is obvious that this method works best without a jacket and this is far more important than anyone at this moment realizes. The reason is simple, and I believe it is time the whole thing was discussed openly.

You see nobody likes talking about *diseases*, and there have been so many new ones around recently that you almost feel inadequate without one. However, heavy use of underarm deodorants is having a chemical effect on the skin, resulting in a type of smell previously unknown, which doctors have entitled *Nasty Underarm Tang Syndrome* – for short, N.U.T.S. The point about being jacketless is that the telltale signs of N.U.T.S. are clearly visible – yellowish stains on the shirt around the underarm area, nicknamed “Golden Wonders.”

Another important thing to remember is that you cannot disguise natural smells with artificial aids, like dousing yourself in perfume, or aftershave. For example, if you have had an earth-shattering curry the night before and your breath smells like the inside of a Turkish bus, do not go drinking *Aramis* to cover it up! The combination would knock a horsefly off a dung heap – it could paralyze someone sitting opposite you in a train carriage.

GLASSES OR LENSES?

None of us is perfect – well you aren’t, otherwise you wouldn’t be reading this book. No, I mustn’t be unkind – you’ve done well to buy it in the first place! Full marks!

You see, if you do have bad eyesight, it is nothing to be ashamed of, and you shouldn’t have to stand against the wall at a disco feeling embarrassed. Of course if your eyes are so bad you are actually facing the wall, then you have problems – and one of them will be trying to read this book!

**SO IF YOU HAVE TO WEAR
GLASSES, DON’T FORGET YOU
CAN FEEL AS CONFIDENT AS THE
PERSON WITH PERFECT VISION.**

No, I was trying to help, but I shall run out of space if I go on like that!



You see, the secret is to never actually wear glasses in the proper place. For example, keeping them in the **back pocket of your jeans** and taking them out occasionally for effect while talking is very stylish – but do be careful of the broken glass when you sit down. Of course, if you are prescribed **two Coke bottle bottoms** because you can't see a blind thing, do make sure to wear them. Leaving them hanging on an elegant chain round your neck, librarian-style, is certainly attractive, but don't forget – vanity is one thing, walking straight into lampposts and canals is another!

But what about **contact lenses**? Well, it is not a good idea to wear lenses as you might glasses – in a “Joe Cool” fashion at the end of your nose, or perched on top of your head. No you could easily lose them. So I suggest you keep the lenses in your eyes, but do wear those **brightly colored ones**. Green is a very startling color, although I'm told everything you see through them is green as well, so take great care at traffic lights!

This next point is crucial: if you happen to lose a contact lens, make sure you do it where there are lots of people around to help you look for it. You will also need to shout loudly, to get everyone near you to suddenly stand still in case they tread on it, so don't lose one if you've got a sore throat!

For crowd value the following are perfect places to lose a contact lens:

- (a) Fifth Avenue in the busy tourist season
- (b) Yankee Stadium during the World Series
- (c) O'Hare Airport at any time

Of course, a **megaphone** – should you happen to be carrying one – would be a big help in the circumstances.

THE PERFECT STYLE: BE A REAL MAN:

By far the surest way for young men to gain the respect and admiration of those around them is to dress and act like a real man. This is not just a question of making fun of knitting patterns or not drinking a Shirley Temple at Christmas parties.

No, it is in how you present yourself, how you move, and here the neck is very important. Develop the quick **neck jerk** with the head thrust forward – the one that says to other men in bars: "Don't try anything with me, bub!" Or "Who are you looking at, John?" This jerk is helped by the enormous macho advantage of having a **hairy back** – the hairs catch and tickle on the shirt, and the jerk soon becomes automatic. But do be careful not to jerk so much that your cigarette packet falls out of the **pocket in your sleeve**. Here is a brief list of answers to questions on being a real man:

- | | |
|--|---|
| Q.Where should I work? | A.On a building site
As a mechanic in a garage |
| Q.Where mustn't I work? | A.In a ladies dress shop
As a violin teacher in a music college
In a public library (see footnote*) |
| Q.What should I wear to work? | A.Baggy hipster jeans, so that when you bend you expose at least nine inches of bum-cleavage |
| Q.What sort of tattoo should I have? | A."Mum"
"I Love Mary" |
| Q.Where should I wear a tattoo? | A.On the bum-cleavage |
| Q.How should I open conversation with women? | A."Whoo-oop!! All right darlin'?" |

* If you have to work in a library for a few days, do not compromise – if possible stamp the books very hard and carry them round in a brick hod.

Q. How should I open conversation with men?

A. "Whoooo-ooop!!! All right my son?"



Now three simple questions to tell whether you have understood this crucially important area of style. Answers (a) and (b) carry one point, and (c) five points.

- 1 What should you put on your salad?
 - (a) Thousand Island Dressing?
 - (b) Mayonnaise and a squeezed lemon?
 - (c) Castrol GTX?
- 2 What is your favorite TV program?
 - (a) The Guiding Light?
 - (b) Divorce Court?
 - (c) All-Star Wrestling?
- 3 What do you *never* eat?
 - (a) Dogs?
 - (b) Horses?
 - (c) A "Wimpy" hamburger?

If you only scored three, go through this last section again. If you scored fifteen or more then you are so macho I find it odd that you should dream of reading this or any other book.

So that's it on Personal Style! Not so painful, was it? Give yourself a pat on the back for staying with the course so far, and don't forget —

AIM FOR PERFECTION!

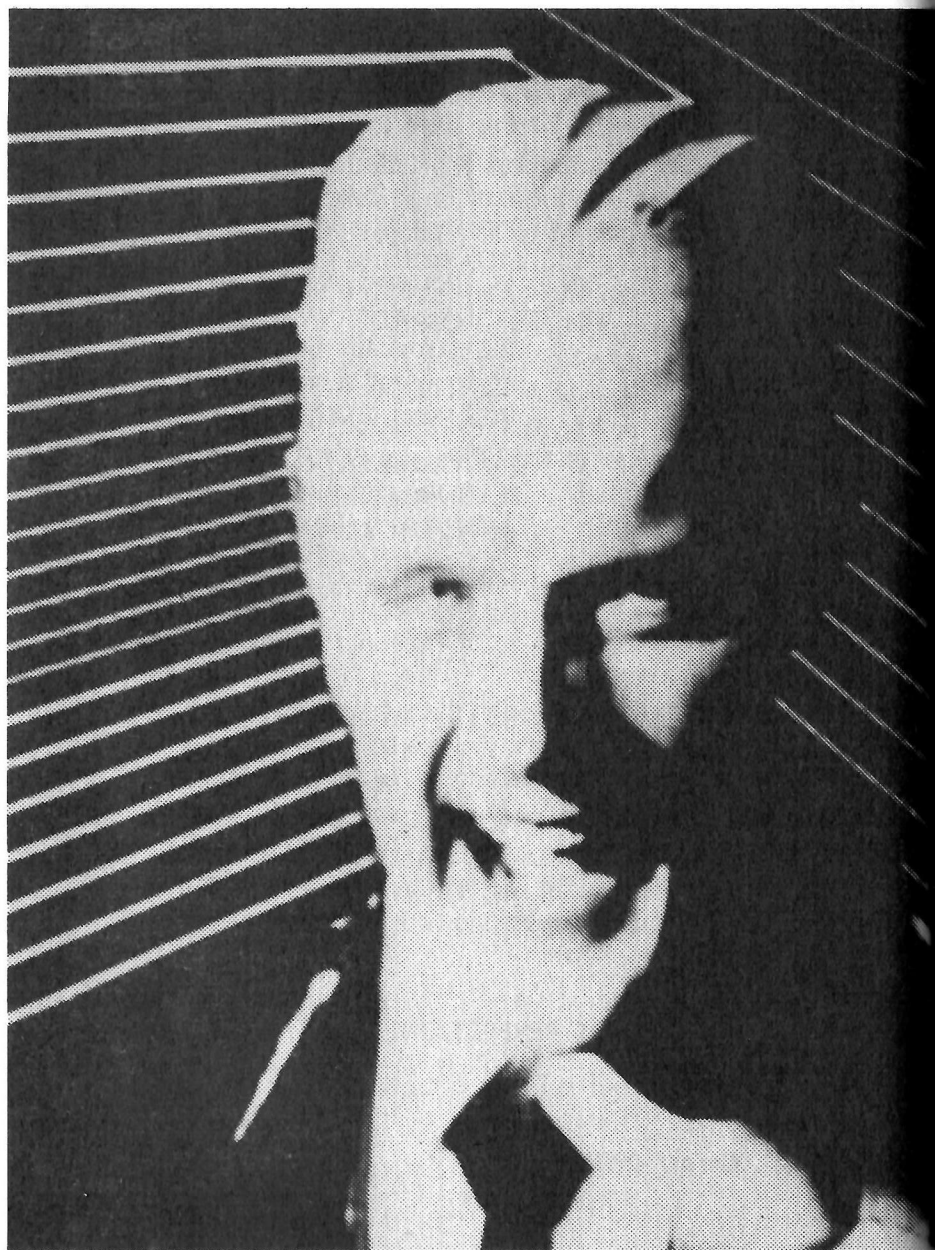
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"Style? . . . Great! Triffic! Ace!"

Oscar Wilde





● MAX HEADROOM'S GUIDE TO -

O

UT WITH
THE
CROWD

So now you have some tips on how to look, where are you going to show off all this new style you're acquiring? Yes, of course – when you're out and about with other people! And how are you going to behave? This is the point of this next Stage of My Guide – "Out With the Crowd."

For example, *Goldie Hawn* and *Joan Rivers* don't sit on talk shows embarrassing everybody by bubbling and gushing all over the place! No, of course they don't! They know how to be quiet and demure – they know how to behave in front of people!

And does *George Bush*, that exciting politician, sit quietly answering boring questions with even more boring replies? No, he keeps everybody entertained with witty remarks and anecdotes, puts on a few voices and in private, funny noses, imitating colleagues! Yes he's generally one big bundle of fun isn't he! He leaves people wanting more! A lot more! And that's what you must learn – how to behave, how to get invited back!

So let's take some places where you're going to be on view and see how you can deal with them.

AT A PARTY

There are many different types of parties, depending on who is giving it, and here the *invitation* is usually a complete giveaway! Yes, you may have to pay to get in, but at least the invitation is a giveaway! (Oh dear, if only My writers would give Me brilliant word-play jokes like that!)

Now for example, "Garden Party" indicates that it will be held outside, and this usually means a *barbecue*.

Barbecues are never boring, because they mean you will spend most of the time juggling with a glass in one hand, a burnt sausage in the other, and a lump of chop between your teeth – trying to talk to someone who is in the same predicament (except they've probably got a mouthful of hamburger and a stream of French mustard down their chin).

What makes barbecues even more interesting is that every now and then the wind will change direction and a **choking cloud of smoke** will engulf the whole gathering, making it possible for you to quickly ditch the chop and sausage in a bush somewhere and go inside and watch the television in peace without anyone knowing you've gone!



Another example is the rough and cheaper type of get-together, the **"Bring a Bottle"** party. This means that the place will be packed with twice as many people as it will hold, which means squeezing your way down the hall, through all the pushing and shoving and on into the kitchen, where everybody is in a bad mood because the drink's already run out. My advice at this kind of party is: don't lose your bottle! OK?

In fact, at parties of this kind where real trouble is expected, I've known invitations to state: Bring A Broken Bottle, so at least people know what to expect!

And there are other types of parties with many different names, depending on what goes on. There's the sort of party where people don't care very much and create a fire risk by dropping cigarette butts everywhere. This is sometimes known as a **housewarming** party. (And that is sometimes known as a bad joke!)

And then there's the very loud West Indian style **"rapping party,"** which is the kind where you can only get in by rapping as hard as you can on the window.

So let's do a quick "run-through" of the house (which is about the only thing you can't do at a crowded party) and let Me take you into some of the rooms.

Kitchen

All the best parties take place in the kitchen, and you'll find everything you need there: drink, crowds of people, food, and ashtrays. (Note: after 11 o'clock the food and the ashtrays become the same thing.) But if you're giving a party, remember – partygoers don't really want to eat food, they just like to know it's there.

In fact you can judge whether a party has been a success from the state of the kitchen. If you're the host, you can pat yourself on the back if your kitchen ends up with any of these:

- (a) Three untouched dishes of "*spinach and mushroom quiche*." (Making these is a good way of keeping people off food and making them concentrate on drink.)
- (b) A half-eaten "*ham and asparagus quiche*" which looks as if someone has sneezed in it. (You will probably find the other half forming a pretty pattern on the carpet tiles in the toilet.)
- (c) A slab of butter with fourteen cigarette ends sticking out of it.
- (d) An ashtray with a slab of butter in it.
- (e) A huge puddle of beer on the floor.
- (f) Someone trying to drink it.

When your kitchen reaches this state, it's time to move into the living room or dancing room.

But one final word: if at the end of the party you fancy a nightcap, go back to the kitchen, because for some reason you will *always* find, sitting in the middle of empty beer cans and paper cups with wine dregs, a half full bottle of Martini! Yes, it will be there somewhere – and it's such a delightful drink at a party, especially when your mouth feels like everyone's just had a party in it!

Dancing Room

This is where you can really impress people, and it is important to take a drink in with you – if possible a *full pint of lager*. (A popular and colorful drink – in fact, it has the same color in the glass as it does eventually at the bottom of the toilet bowl.)

Carrying in a full drink will:

- (a) Make sure you don't have to push your way straight back into the kitchen in five minutes.
- (b) Guarantee that you'll get a large area to yourself on the dance floor.



It is worth pointing out here that women are often poor dancers Wait! What did I hear you say? – “Max, that’s a bit “dancist,” isn’t it?” Well I’m afraid it’s true – they are always perfectly coordinated, moving rhythmically on the same spot and often smiling at the person they’re dancing with. This is not attractive! Men are much more *stylish dancers*, because they use dancing as a statement of how much they are enjoying themselves: they throw themselves around a lot, jumping and laughing loudly toward anyone who is watching. This gets them noticed very quickly and is therefore far more stylish.

The point you should remember is: don’t conform. Do not dance yourself – instead stand in the middle with your drink, making comments about the way others dance. And if you feel like dancing, move off into the quiet room where couples sit huddled together on cushions. Here is the place to burst into a chorus of *Brown Sugar* and do your wildest *Mike Jagger* impression, if possible using the TV cord and plug as a microphone.

After a while you are bound to want to use . . .

The Bathroom

The bathroom is the most important room at the party, and the easiest way to meet people is by *standing in line outside*. And just because the person in front of you is about to go into the bathroom, there is no reason at all to feel embarrassed about asking their name, where they live, what they do, and how long they’re going to be in there.

Now although the kitchen may look as if it’s been revolving all evening (and some of the guests with it), it is always the bathroom that gets the worst hammering at any

party. The area in most danger is the **bowl** and three feet round it, and since it doesn't take long for all the toilet paper to run out, don't leave your favorite closet reading matter lying about on the floor.

Nor does it take long for the men with the most relentless aim to disintegrate the **stick-on scent tablet** on the bowl, then have a go at one on the wall. In fact, about the only things that end up down the toilet at a decent party are cigarette butts and somebody's head.

So my advice to a partygiver is to lock the toilet and **use the bathroom**. If people start missing the bath, then it really is a good party!

AT THE DISCO

The word to remember at any disco is "**coordination**"! No, you don't have to say it to anyone – just to yourself.



Coordination at a disco means making sure your **brain, mouth and feet** work together as a team. And why? Because the music and flashing lights can confuse all your senses. You often see people on the dance floor whose feet are moving, whose brain has obviously seized up. They are easy to spot because they don't know what to do with their arms, so they throw them around a lot, and this is done to distract anyone from noticing that they don't know what to do with their legs either.



And don't forget the **mouth-brain** combination. With all the excitement of the dancing, it's easy for your mouth to make a complete fool of you by constantly ordering large Bacardis and Coke at the bar. Whereas if you gave your brain a few seconds to recover from the effects of strobe lighting,



it would tell your mouth that if it wants to be flashy with money it should go out and work for a living.

So watch your mouth! It can land you in all sorts of trouble – especially men. Their mouths are a complete liability at a disco. If they don't "coordinate" properly, their mouths can come out with some real blushers:

"You live where? Newark? That's not far from Greenwich . . . yeah, 'course I'll give you a lift home!"

"Sarah? I think that's a lovely name! . . What? Oh sorry – Sandra!"

"I thought I'd rescue you from that wimp with glasses – he's a right dodo, isn't he? Oh really? How long have you been going out with him?"

So remember "coordination": Brains – Mouth – Feet! And to help you remember these words I've invented a little catch phrase – BMF! So keep shouting **BMF!** and you can't go wrong!

WEDDINGS

The most important feature of any wedding is the **Best Man's speech**. Everyone else can look smart, dress smartly, but the Best Man has to open his mouth and sound smart as well! So I thought I should include in My Guide a little speech all you "Best Men" can use. It fits the bill, and guarantees you will only be invited to be a Best Man once.

So how do you go about it? Well, remember that all "Best Men" must look as if they've never spoken in public before – people don't like a **smart-ass!** Just unbutton your shirt, pull your tie knot round under your ear, and mumble every word into the plate in front of you. And if anyone starts to shout or make **funny remarks**, try this response:

"Hey, sleaze! How would you like a face full of wedding cake!"

It can occasionally get a laugh!

Of course you could change the names that I've used in this speech, but this isn't really necessary, since you're unlikely ever to see the bride and groom again.



"Er . . . this isn't going to be a long speech . . . (WAIT FOR MURMURS OF "Good!" FROM YOUR FRIENDS) See, I'm really pleased that Brian and Penny have decided to get married . . . or you could say that at last the Penny's dropped! . . . I won't say what she's dropped! Ha Ha! (WAIT FOR CRUDE GUFFAWS FROM FRIENDS TO DIE DOWN, THEN FOR OLDER AUNTS AND UNCLES TO FINISH EXPLAINING THE JOKE TO EACH OTHER) The thing is, me and Brian have been mates for years, and I'm very glad for him, 'cos it takes a lot of guts to get married, and after last night's Stag Party I'm surprised he's got any left! (WAIT AGAIN FOR OLDER RELATIVES TO GET THE JOKE) Some of you may know that Penny and me went out together for a while! (IGNORE THE SILENCE) See, I've known Penny for a long time, and so I know just how Brian's going to be feeling tonight! (MORE SILENCE, CHANGE THE SUBJECT QUICKLY) Er, I didn't mean that! Ha Ha Ha! . . . See I'm hoping that the next time we all meet it will be to celebrate the pitter-patter of tiny feet . . . so keep next week free – Ha Ha! (TOTAL SILENCE – GET OUT VERY QUICKLY NOW) So please raise your glasses to Penny and Brian! (WAIT FOR ECHOES OF "Penny and Brian!" AND IGNORE MURMURS OF "I think he went a bit far with all that!" THEN SIT DOWN, OR BETTER STILL, HEAD FOR THE BAR IMMEDIATELY!)

OPEN UP!

On the Street

A good chance to observe the social behavior of others – and practice your own – is a **bus stop**! Try to engage people in conversation.

For example, often when standing at the bus stop it is common to see an **odd blue glove** stuck on a park railing nearby. Now don't go across and touch it, because:

OUT WITH THE CROWD

(a) it is probably soaking wet

(b) you'll just lose your place in the line.

No. Just ask everyone near you if it belongs to them. You may suddenly find a fascinating conversation developing.

However if there is no blue glove, no odd shoe in the gutter, or the yellow traffic cone on its side by the curb, (all good talking points), then try a different tack:

When the bus arrives, push your way to the front of the line – you'll be amazed at the exchanges that can take place! (And if the driver says "Room for one only!" you should shout, "*That's me!*" and climb on. With this method you won't get to talk to anyone, but at least they'll talk about you, which is the next best thing.)

Anywhere on the street, **be open** and show you're prepared to talk. Stop and smile at people as they walk past, tap on car windows waiting at the lights and wave. And always remember, it is **very easy to start a conversation** – just stop somebody with the words:

"Excuse me, do you happen to know the time?"

If they don't, show them your watch and tell them exactly what time it is, adding where the nearest clock is to be found.

Another approach is:

"Would you happen to know where the nearest travel agent is?"

If the answer is no, say:

"Well I'm not sure myself, but I think there's one up there on the left!"

After Closing Time

But where can you get or even hear a decent conversation after closing time? The answer is obvious – an *Indian restaurant!* They are always within easy reach of a bar, and they stay open till at least midnight. This is to cater specifically for groups of people who stagger out on to the street at about twenty past eleven, absolutely dying to see some new faces, and have a chat.



As always, the rule is: *observe and copy!* And you know you are about to learn something when you are sitting quietly in your local Tandoori Restaurant, and suddenly the door is pushed open by three diners and you hear the words:

"'Ere y'are, lads – they're open!"

This signals the arrival of a group of young men who have come to savor the delights of Eastern spices, enjoy some interesting conversation, and drink another six pitchers of beer before they go home.

Watch and listen carefully from that moment on, noting how quickly the most knowledgeable of the three falls into an easy, bantering conversation with the waiters, crossing cultures with one bound:

"Oi, Abdul – drop that and see to us!"

A delightful little opener! Of course *Abdul* is actually more of a *Middle Eastern Name*, but what's the difference between India and Egypt when you're on Astoria Boulevard?

"Right, we'll have six pitchers of beer and fifteen pomp-a-doms!"

And you'll notice the young gentleman's stylish command of the *Hindi language* and his knowledge of the cuisine, when he explains to his companions:

"You'll like them – pomp-a-doms! They're like big chips!"

And impressing the waiter further by his familiarity with the various dishes, he adds:

"An' we'll have three o' them Vindaloos – 'ot ones, and 'alf a dozen Onion Budgies!"

And so it goes on, in a thousand Indian restaurants up and down the country.

So you see, *listen and learn* – there's always something to discover, even if it's only which restaurants to avoid on Astoria Boulevard.

THE PEOPLE I GO FOR

Who do I go for? What sort of Ordinary Person makes Me whip My head round and exclaim suddenly for all the world to hear:

" . . . Mm . . . quite interesting . . . ?"

Well, the answer is I go for people who are *moving*, like me, and who want to get there in style!

So anything you can wear or carry that says, "Look at Me – I'm a really special, talented, fascinating *fireball* of an Ordinary Person" is good in My book! And here are some suggestions of the sort of people to watch – the "*moving people!*"

(1) Bikers

Don't you find bikers great? Those wonderful adventurers who roar off every Sunday to a hamburger-stall or a café at the side of a main road, and hang around the *car-park!* They stand out and look so different, don't they? (Well, not actually to each other!) In fact, among bikers, words exchanged are few and far between – just the occasional brief flurry of conversation, peppered with comments like "Oil!" and "750cc!" and "Look at the crash bars on that!"

This is because they communicate chiefly by engine-revving (for comparison, see *Foreigners and Foreign Parts* – Italians), and at the slightest *twist of a throttle*, the whole pack will suddenly leap into the saddle and race off down

the road, round the roundabout and back again! Yes, they're people who are always on the move, even if it's only from one cup of tea to another!

(2) Skaters

Always lean and fit-looking, the people who glide around city streets on roller skates are another group who are definitely moving – and in a most alternative way! Watch their style – the way they lean into the bend as they come spinning round corners with big grins on their faces and knock you flying!

However, if you want to be “streetwise” you can learn a lot from getting into conversation with one – although of course you'll have to be quick. But even if that's not possible, skaters are definitely people to watch! (preferably from a doorway).



(3) Anoraksics (go back 24 pages)

“Anorak-wearers aren't movers, Max!” I can hear you say!

Well they are – very slow ones, true! – and there's a reason for this. The point is that the anorak started out as a jacket to go camping in, and so is modeled on the shape of a *tent*. This is why the really stylish ones have so many *zip pockets*, which means the anorak-wearer can never move more than twenty yards without having to hunt through his pockets for one of the following:

- (a) his money
- (b) his train ticket
- (c) his bus pass
- (d) his Bird Watchers society card
- (e) his detachable hood
- (f) the odd tent peg or guy rope
- (g) Mutual of Omaha's *Wild Kingdom* listings (anoraksics are great Marlon Perkins fans!)

OUT **WITH** THE CROWD



It is also the reason why people in anoraks always keep walking, however slowly, since if they stand still for very long, they run the risk of being arrested for the very common anorak-wearers offense of "loitering within tent." (A very popular joke among anorak-wearers.)



(4) "Wingies"

Ah, the "*wing collar!*" The name itself says "movement," doesn't it! And when accompanied by the tiny little bow tie, the "*dick,*" what could be more stylish? It's the sort of combination that you can't look at without a comment like:

"Now that's what I call style!"

or

"I wonder where he's off to?"

or most common of all:

"'Ere, did you see that dick with the wing collar?"

Wonderful!

Yes they're very special to Me, everyone of them! And to help you recognize the people I go for, I have included opposite a stylish photofit picture of the perfect type. So if you see somebody like this, go for them – I know I would!

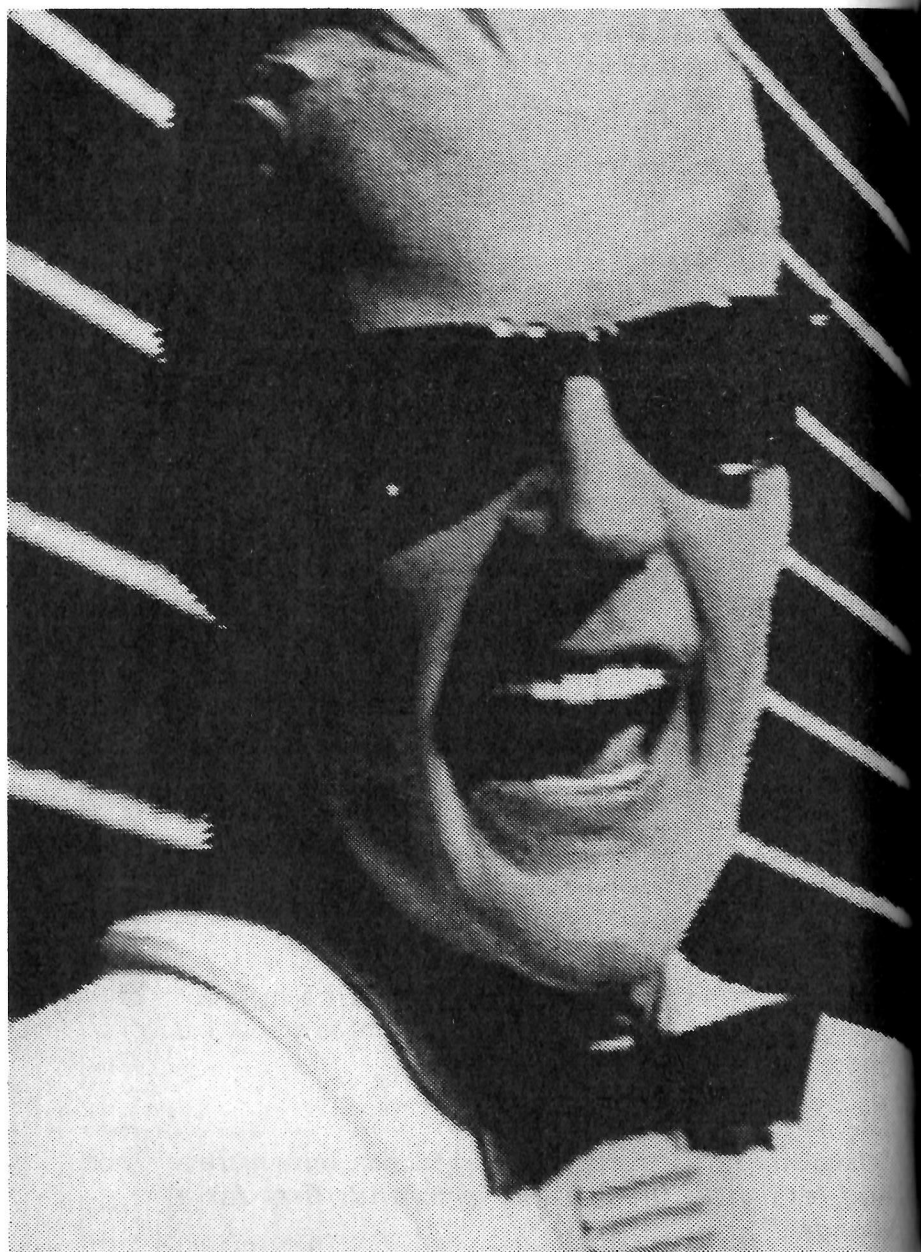
Well now you know how to look and how to behave when you're out, and already you'll be feeling just that little bit more relaxed, more confident, and possibly even a bit more good-looking!!

So go out – and enjoy yourself! And if you're actually not very good-looking, don't worry – just try not to go out too often.

* * *

"Once more unto the beach, dear friends, once more – and let's grab those damn umbrellas first for a change!!"

Henry V





● MAX HEADROOM'S GUIDE TO-



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B O D Y
-BE GLAD YOU
HAVE ONE

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left leg up . . . that's it, until it hurts! . . . And now the right leg . . . Careful – if it's broken, ease it down gently . . . and now left arm twist – keep going, till you hear it snap . . . that's lovely! Can't you feel it doing you good? . . .

That's it – now get up! . . . If you can't, call for someone to help you!" . . . And so on, and so on . . . Of course you've all heard this sort of thing on what they call "**Keep Fit Records.**" Now I can't be unkind – it's not in My nature – but you have to realize that many of them are made by **aging film stars** who are only trying to make life painful for you because you don't go to see their films anymore.

Yes, of course your body is important. In fact, apart from an impressive string of credit cards and a Max Headroom poster it's the most precious thing you can have. However, don't let others tell you what to do with it, unless they know what they are talking about – like Me!

Now I'm not the sort of person who makes Keep Fit records – no, I'm sorry, but I won't give people the ridiculous idea that, however hard they tried, they could ever look like Me! You see, if I gave My personal exercise tips on some cassette or album you'd only end up looking like **Jane Fonda** – quite pointless!

Of course, I do a little work-out Myself every morning – I work out what golf shoes I'm going to need, that sort of thing, and that's not much help to you, is it?

So now let's have a good look at your body, and how you can protect it.

MEDIA PRESSURE

Wash this! Scrub that! Wipe your face with these! Dab something else with those!

It never stops, does it? Wherever you go, the media are trying to tell you how to treat some **crevice of your body**. And what's the worst offender? Advertising! Yes, and I hate to say it – on television, My empire!



Take your hair, for example. Why should you wash the left side of your head with one shampoo and the right side with a different one? If you suffer from **dandruff**, then that's fine – it says something about you! When you walk down the street you can hold your head up high. You can't shake it about, but at least you can hold it high! (And of course with **really bad dandruff** there's much less chance of somebody losing you in the dark!)

But what happens if only one shoulder has piles of white dust on it? I'll tell you – you try to shake some on to the other

Y

side to compensate and you end up walking lopsided. Before you know it, you've not only got a scalp problem but a **crick in the neck** as well! No, make the most of your dandruff! Enjoy that little white snowstorm that flies up when you walk round the corner into a gust of wind!

D

And it's nothing to be proud of to go into a drugstore and ask for a shampoo for "normal hair." How boring for the store clerk! No, ask loudly for a "**greasy one**" – or if your hair is really oily, a large tin of "**Quickie**" might do the trick.

O

ZITS

Yes, they won't even let you have zits, will they! And how I wish that just once I could have a zit! You see, I have a rather unusual skin condition – it's called "perfect." And I know that if My public – My fans – could see me with a **blemish** or two, it would put them at their ease. You've probably got at least a dozen at this very moment that you'd love to get rid of! But I want an Ordinary Person like you to be able to say: "Ooh look – Max has got a zit! Now I don't feel so bad about all these!!" Yes, just remember, zits are simply part of life's rich pattern – and a pattern of them **on your back** is very stylish! And spelling out your name – brilliant! What an attention-grabber at the swimming pool!

B

R

U

Yes, there's one thing that few people enjoy hearing about, and even fewer enjoy having: **pus**. And why? Why the embarrassment? It's about time pus was brought out into the open! You don't have to look down your nose at it – have it on your chin as well! And don't make silly jokes about people with eight spots going to fancy dress parties as an octopus – it's all rather unnecessary, isn't it?

O

No, there's nothing wrong with pus – it's the **original eggnog**. There, I've said it!

Y

(Look here, I'm sorry it has to be Me who says these things, but sometimes it takes a Good Friend to see you as you

really are – humble, dull, unfortunate, miserable even! – and yet still be fond of you for all that, warts and all!)

BODY LANGUAGE

A few so-called experts in this field will tell you that body language is all about *signals*. And I've read some ridiculous suggestions! For example, raising your eyebrows across a restaurant table is a signal to the person sitting opposite that they've got Chop Suey on their chin but you're too embarrassed to tell them! Isn't that stupid!

No, body language is simply a language that *various parts of the body* speak to each other. You can't hear it, but it's going on all the time. Let's imagine we could tape a body language conversation while you were sitting in the doctor's waiting room:

- Right Leg:** Oi! Your mate's dropping ash all over me – brush it off, will you?
- Left Hand:** OK, will do! But you can't blame him for being a bit shaky!
- Eyes:** There's a "No Smoking" sign up there!
- Right Hand:** Oh, sorry! (DROPS CIGARETTE ON FLOOR)
- Brain:** Will one of you two Feet step on that please?
- Right Foot:** I'm nearest! . . . Done it!
- Eyes:** I don't mind – I was only thinking of the Chest!
- Chest:** (COUGHS) Thanks.
- Stomach:** Ooh! I'm on the go again lads, I don't think I can wait!
- Feet:** What are you nervous about – we're not here for your benefit! It's the Liver that should be worried!



Y Liver: Thanks a lot!
 Eyes: Let's read a magazine!
 Feet: Fine – where are they?
D Eyes: Over there. Oh no, don't bother – they've only got *Reader's Digest*!
 Brain: That's OK, there might be something about bad livers in it.
O Liver: Look shut up, will you?
 Feet: Well it's your fault we're all here!
 Stomach: Oh don't say that! I'm desperate – I can't hang on, lads!
B Liver: Yes, just shut up, big mouth!
 Mouth: Who said that?
 Chest: (COUGHS)
 Liver: Don't you start!
 Chest: I can't help it if I feel bad!
R Liver: What are you worried about? It's not you we're here for! If it hurts, just bite your tongue!
U Tongue: Leave me out of this – listen, I'm the one who gets a wooden stick shoved up the back of me!
 Voice of Receptionist: MR. SMITH, PLEASE!
O Feet: Right, here we go!
 Stomach: Oh no! . . . Sorry, lads – I just have!
Y That's body language!

ALTERNATIVE HEALTH

In case you might think that sometimes I sound a bit like a middle-aged, die-hard, fuddy-duddy, dyed-in-the-wool old stick-in-the-mud, let Me tell you – and I'm not one for clichés – I do think "a change is as good as a rest"! And I'm very pleased to see that experts are beginning to look at health differently – dreaming up new and better ways of getting ill. The point is that life is not just about breathing continuously anymore. Well it isn't for *Humphrey Bogart* anyway! (There I go again! Max, stop it!)



Personally, I'm into alternatives – doing things differently, and why not? If nuts and brown bread give you *indigestion* and help you stay awake through the midnight movie, I'm all for them!

And another thing – don't be afraid to listen to these experts, and then go ahead and experiment! For example, in the very important area of *childbirth*, gynecologists have now proved conclusively that your baby will be much better adjusted if you have it quite suddenly and naturally while standing in the check-out line at the supermarket. All you have to remember is that they might not let you out without paying for it!

WARNING!

This is for those of you who love to eat *alternative food* and have heavenly dinner parties with beancurd burgers and lobster bisque made of soya. And if you're the sort of person who tries to survive on yogurt-and-wheat-germ bread sandwiches, then this warning is for you as well:

Do NOT go near a chocolate bar!

A Cadbury's Milk Flake bar can be as dangerous to you as a crucifix is to Dracula! So if you are "into" alternative food (man!), what do you do if some joker slips a biscuit into your drink? A sort of "*Lady Mickey Finnger!*" Well you will probably feel like throwing up! But remember that for alternative people, there is also an alternative way of being sick. It's difficult to master, but try it – it's called "*swallowing.*"

Sleeping in the right position is now considered by experts to be very important. "Posture" is the "now" word. Most people sleep on beds with "posture springing" – except Japanese people. They don't have beds – they sleep on a "*futon*." These are popular, expensive, and consist of nothing more than a stuffed sack. But they do help you relax and help you dream – about sleeping in a proper bed!

TEETH

Many Ordinary People live in fear of visiting the dentist. This fear is something I don't understand, probably because I'm blessed with perfect teeth and have never had to visit one Myself.

I wish I could – I would love to sit in the waiting room browsing through their most recent newspapers, catching up on things like the Woodstock Pop Festival and Hitler's invasion of Poland. And then enjoying the simple ordinary things like lying back in the chair, being forced to stare at the hairs in the dentist's nose, conducting a conversation with him through a mouthful of steel instruments, and rinsing out bits of filling, and spit that you can never quite get rid of.

But all this doesn't help you, does it? When you stare into the mirror in the morning and see a face that could win a Fancy Dress Contest as the *Dead Sea Scrolls*, then open your mouth and glimpse something resembling a plate of *tinned salmon*, what do you do about it?

Well the first thing is proper dental hygiene. Dental decay is caused by food, so here is the correct cleaning cycle after every meal:

- (a) Use the correct toothbrush, with the handle shaped to reach the back of your mouth, and soft bristles with round ends.
- (b) Suck a red dye pill which reveals the area of plaque on the teeth.

If your *plaque* is so thick that you could nail a plaque on it, then:

- (c) Brush gently but firmly, always away from the gums.
- (d) Use the rubber prong on the end of the toothbrush handle (or any rubber prong you can find under the sink), to work in each gap between the teeth and massage the gums.
- (e) Insert a piece of dental floss in each gap, top and bottom, to remove any remaining plaque, particles, or the teeth you have loosened during the cleaning cycle.
- (f) Suck another red dye tablet to check whether you have any teeth left.



The advantage of this lengthy cleaning cycle is that it takes so long you will have missed the next three meals. So no food – no decay! Simple, isn't it!

One disadvantage of dental visits is the *"frozen mouth look"* resulting from the injection, where the lips become hard to control. A study of *Jimmy Carter* is a good example of this, since it would seem from the way he speaks that he has to visit the dentist at least every three hours.

So after your dental treatment, try to avoid the following:

- 1 whistling
- 2 drinking
- 3 having to say words like "nuclear."

DIETS

The fact is, there are more different kinds of diets than there are people to go on them. However, some are more effective than others. The "F" Plan is popular, but My particular favorite, and one I designed Myself, is the *"G" Plan!* (But it doesn't matter what kind of furniture you have to follow it.)

Y A typical day on the "G" Plan goes as follows:

Morning

Slip on lime-green short-sleeved shirt, lemon V-neck and wistaria bell-bottoms.

D Arrive at clubhouse.

Slip into metallic-blue patent leather flap-over golf shoes (with studs).

Play Golf.

O **Lunchtime**

Change shoes to snake-skin rubber-soled lace-up loafers. On to putting green.

B **Afternoon**

Slip into coffee turtleneck, Minnesota check knickers or McDonald Tartan pants, and white kid-leather all-weather pumps (with studs again).

Play Golf.

Evening

Digest very slowly the "Royal and Ancient Rules of Golf."

R You see, the "G" Plan – golf! It's the only diet for Me!

As to food, that's really up to you. As you know, I don't have a *weight problem* – but if you do, then I suggest you try eating less!

U **EXERCISE BOOKS**

Read! Read! Read! The healthiest people are the ones with active minds, not sweaty shorts!

O Although I will spare one thought for a man I have terrific admiration for – *Roger Bannister*! How he broke the four-minute-mile in those big baggy shorts I will never know. The wind resistance must have been tremendous! Just think, if he was running today with a pair of modern skimpy shorts, he could probably hop round in less than four minutes! It's such a pity he wasn't a golfer, but you can't be good at everything, can you? Well, you can't!

Y

Yes, constant reading is the secret of knowledge, inner peace and bad eyes. But bad eyes mean glasses, which means style, which means good!

You see, I feel sorry for these *marathon runners* – all that jogging with no time to get stuck into a good book! All right, I admit they can browse through the odd road sign as they pant along the streets, but where's that going to get them. OK, it might help them to get a job as a cab driver, but it's not going to get them a *degree in English*, is it? How can you improve yourself if the only thing you get to read all day is the sponsor's name on the back of another runner's vest!



The fact is, lying on your back in bed with a book is an excellent way of toning up your mind and your arms, so I have listed below some good heavy books to help build up those *biceps* and *brain cells*:

How to Play Bridge (Unabridged)

The Complete Works of Barbara Cartland (paperback)

Great Expectorations: A History Of The Spittoon (hardback)

The Armadillo (harder back)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (humpback)

But a word of warning: don't fall asleep while reading these heavyweights – you can give yourself a nasty smack on the head and just wake yourself up again.

SEX (WHAT TO DO WITH THE BITS)

If you did not buy My Guide yourself but borrowed it from a friend, you may have noticed as you took it in your hands that it fell open quite naturally at this section. Yes? I'm not surprised. The reason is that My two writers have talked Me into including here the "*ticklish*" subject of sex (and tickling).

Now this section is particularly suitable for My *younger readers*, and should not be left lying around where more elderly relatives might see it since they either won't understand the subject or won't remember it, and it might upset them.

Y Of course, I am happy to give advice on sex – who else have you got that you can turn to, most of you? So let Me put you straight. Unless of course you don't want to be "straight" – and well, er that's fine too!

D Anyway, first – My position! (No, I'm not going to make another silly joke.) You see, I am unfortunately so busy that I have no time to squeeze sex into my schedule. I don't even have time to squeeze it into the *back seat of a car!* (There's the joke!)

O Yes, just like my longed-for visit to the dentist, I would love to have sex just once – if only so I could tell My grandchildren about it in years to come. And being so often seen as an adviser, I am frequently asked if I think sex is overrated. Well, I'm not a prude, but that definitely makes sense to Me, because after all in the end it depends how often you actually get over!

B And people ask what I think of "*casual sex.*" Well I don't think it matters what you wear for it – I'm sure a short-sleeved shirt and slacks will be fine! But as far as being casual about sex is concerned, My writers tell me that if you're casual about it, you don't get any! And they should know!

R But to get to the point – the *Facts of Life!* Now I know this can cause embarrassment – not least to My two writers who haven't stopped nudging each other and giggling since I started this section. So I am allowing them to use an extract from a lecture I gave on the subject quite recently. It deals with the matter *frankly and fearlessly*, and without getting tongue-tied trying to beat about the bush! So here it is:

O "A man is different from a lady. Because a man has, er . . . a *tinkle-box* . . . and a lady has . . . no tinkle-box! Now the tinkle-box is not there only for, er . . . *widdley-poops* – no, er – look, not let's be shy about it – let's get to the point . . . If you put a man rabbit, with his . . . *dingley-doo* – into a cage with a lady rabbit, who hasn't got a . . . *winkle-woggle* . . .

then . . . then . . . you get hundreds of them all over the place!! OK, is that clear? Fine, fine, no problems then – fine!”

So that’s cleared that up then! You see, nothing to get embarrassed about, is it?

PLASTIC SURGERY

This is very popular in America, where most wealthy people over forty have had so much plastic surgery they daren’t stand near an open fire. (Actually that’s just a little Max plastic surgery one-liner – a sort of “plastic Max”!) . . . Now you won’t believe this, but one of My writers has been giggling at it for the last hour! Anyway, I’ll carry on with the other one – he’s not quite so juvenile!)



So where was I? Oh yes, plastic surgery! Well personally, I think if you’ve got enough spare skin, **a face-job** can look very fetching. It’s just a question of where you fetch the skin from. Some have it fetched from their chins, others from their neck. **Nancy Reagan**, of course, has it fetched from a very expensive shop in Washington. But My advice is to let your skin sag – it says “style,” and anyway **large bags** under your eyes can be very useful, especially when coming through customs.

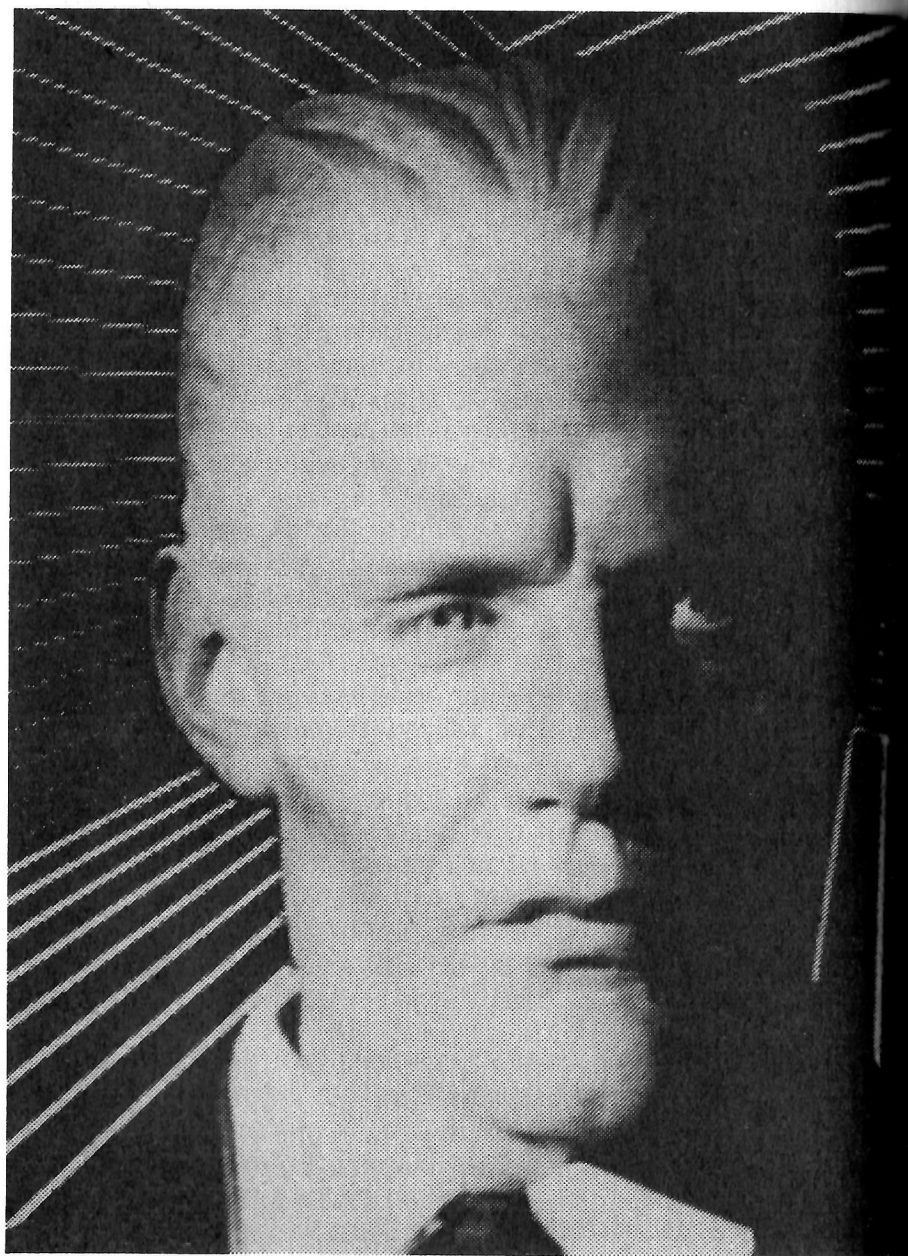
So if you want to have skin pulled up round your ears, then do it – but don’t blame me if your face looks like a piece of **chamois leather** stapled to your head! . . . Oh God, now they’re both giggling! . . . I’m sorry, they obviously can’t go on – I’d better finish this stage here . . .

Right, now – chin up, chest out, shoulders back, put your best foot forward – and let’s leave Your Body behind!

* * *

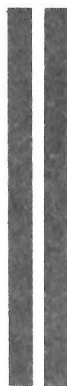
“The body . . . a perfect tool!”

Errol Flynn





●MAX HEADROOM'S GUIDE TO-



0 M E

-THREE PIECE
SWEET HOME

E

T

his stage of My Guide is for Ordinary People who take a pride in their home, who are not afraid to call it their castle, and build tasteful little turrets on the garden wall.

Please remember that apart from the golf club you join, your home and everything that goes in it is one of the clearest statements that you can make about yourself.

M

Of course I understand that not everyone following My Guide plays golf. This shows an appalling lack of style and is a very good reason why you should be reading it. Furthermore I do appreciate that not everyone will have a "**whole home.**" Some younger readers will only have a bedroom or a tree house they can call their own. Others will live in small homes called "**condos.**" But wherever you lay your head, eat, or practice guitar chords, this Stage has something for you.

IDEAL HOME

I only wish I could take you on a guided tour of **My Home**. One day perhaps it will be open to the public, but at the moment I'm living in it, so it's not. But it would show you in a second what I mean by "Ideal Home" – everything from my dandelion Persian ceiling rug to my avocado-green can opener.

O

Yes, even your **can opener** is important! The color is of course crucial, but it is more important you find one that works. Mine is actually **American Army surplus**, and I'm not ashamed to say it fell off the back of a tank.

H

You see, I'm not trying to make a mountain out of a moleskin cushion, but every little detail counts. For example, if you are having a dinner party, or just some friends round, you know what it's like: all can openers are designed to break just as you've got a third of the way round the can and there you are looking very unstylish trying to squeeze **pineapple chunks** out of a hole no bigger than a mouse's eardrum! Although of course the American Army were less worried about losing face in front of friends, more about losing an arm and a leg in front of the enemy.

So let's have a little browse round your home to see where we can make any improvements.

Color Schemes

Am I right? Do so many Ordinary Types (and you will know the answer better than Me!) suffer from *color blindness*? Are there really more cases of color blindness than there are backache? It wouldn't surprise Me, because backache is all you'll get painting your ceiling white! Now what can I hear you saying? "But Max, white goes with everything!"

Well I can tell you, it doesn't go with everything in My Home! It wouldn't go with My sepia wrought-iron chairs, or My battleship-gray straw mat! No, I'm sorry – *white is far too dull!* Quite frankly, with the amount of white some people splash around their homes, they might as well be living inside a fridge.

What you need are colors that complement each other – that say "Hello!" to each other in the morning, and "Sleep tight!" last thing at night. For example, the colors "Autumn Morning Mist" and "Indian Ocean Afternoon Heat Haze" make a great combination, so don't be afraid to ask them to be made up for you at your local hardware store.

But a word of warning! They will try to pawn you off with one of the miserable list of 400 shades on their *colorizer chart*, so don't let them! It won't be there! No, you know what you want – *describe* the color you're after!

Here is an example of how to be firm and clear with your salesclerk – believe me, you'll get more out of him this way:

ASST: Yes, sir?

CUST: Ah! Now I want to paint my wall!

ASST: (HOLDING OUT CHART) Certainly, sir – like to pick any one of these?



E CUST: No, actually I wouldn't. Let me describe the sort of shade I'm after! . . . Now then, how well do you know France?

ASST: Well, the odd day-trip . . .

M CUST: Good! Now picture this – the Macon area – I'm in a vineyard, south-facing slope of course – yes? . . . And it's September, very early morning, six-six thirtyish, it's been raining, but now the sun's just rising, and I'm staring at a grape! And on this grape is the most beautiful droplet, just hanging there, you see, – and suddenly the first shaft of sunlight gently brushes the droplet at that special moment just before it falls! So there's the sort of magenta sheen of the grape, and the glint of the sunlight, but the whole thing has that transparent look about it! That's the color I'm after!

ASST: Yes, sir . . . er, look I'd like to take you a little further east if I may!

CUST: EAST??

ASST: Yes, definitely east! Oh yes – east! Bear with me, sir!

O CUST: Well . . . I suppose you know your job . . .

ASST: Trust me, sir! Now, I'm in Austria, also in a vineyard, and I'm looking at a vat of white grapes . . .

CUST: A VAT??

H ASST: Yes, a vat – at the very moment when the grape treader's heel plunges in, and the juice squirts out, and splashes a bit, then starts to seep over the skins, and the shade you want is the one that captures that sweet and pungent scent of pure joy in the grape treader's art, sir!

CUST: That's it, that's exactly it! Exactly!! I'll have that one!!

ASST: Ah! Sorry, sir, we're right out of it – everybody's after that one!

But you see My point, don't you? If he'd been prepared to move just a little further south to – say, to **Bordeaux** – I've got a feeling he'd have got the color he wanted!

Sweet Dreams

When you take people on a friendly tour around your home, is there one room you always leave out, or dismiss as if it's not there? "Oh, that's just my bedroom!" you say! Am I right?



Well, you couldn't fool Me like that – I'd be in there like a shot having a **good poke round**. Your bed would tell Me immediately what sort of Ordinary Person you were (particularly if you were still in it!).

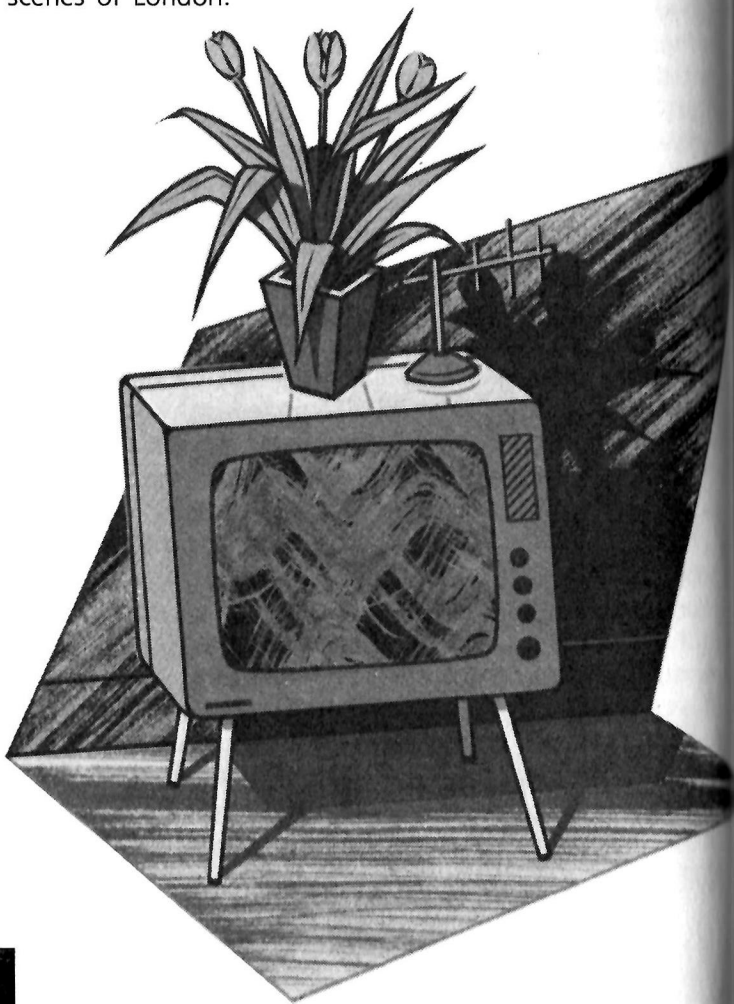
Let's just pretend I'm in your bedroom now. Do I see a **quilt**? I'm very happy if I do! And is it **chocolate brown**? With matching sheets? It is? Well, I needn't go any further! I just know without looking that you'll have a smart wicker linen basket in the corner, a half-stripped wardrobe in there somewhere, and even if your clothes are thrown all over the floor, My job will have been done. There is no more advice I can give to someone like you about bedrooms.

But for My younger Guide readers, your bedroom is probably your **"private place."** And if you do have friends round, you'll want to impress them, so don't leave pictures of **Boy George** on your wall if he hasn't been heard of for six months! To help here, on request I can give you the number of a company that normally sticks billboards up in the street, but who will for a small fee come every week into your bedroom and keep your wall covered with the most **up-to-date posters** of bands and rockstars. Of course you can tell them to leave your Max Headroom poster alone – obviously that will be staying up for a long time!

E Show It All Off!

Yes, show it all off! And a sideboard, cabinet, or a shelf are all good places to show off your bits and pieces in the home. Don't hide things in cupboards where they can't be seen. Every little *knickknack* that you collect should be displayed without embarrassment.

My particular favorite piece of furniture for this purpose is a long *wall unit* with lots of glass shelves and partitions. These are ideal for showing off that lovely Spanish dancing doll or your collection of drinks coasters depicting famous scenes of London.



The point is that your wall unit is a wonderful opportunity to express yourself artistically. So **keep your shelves interesting** – rotate your stock! Max can help you here. To prevent you getting bored with your wall unit I have prepared some simple little charts covering a sample period (December, January, February) which show the most imaginative “objets d’art” to display during those months. Those at the top of each table should obviously be given pride of place.

CHART 1 (DECEMBER)



- (1) Plastic cube of family photographs.
- (2) Little Santa Claus with sack.
- (3) Glass shaker ball.
- (4) Porcelain thimble collection.
- (5) Newton’s Cradle – Christmas present (silver balls already crossed over).
- (6) Tiny brass bell (do not pick up and ring, except when dusting).
- (7) Plaster owl with big green eyes.
- (9) Small model of Eiffel Tower.
- (10) Glass tube of colored sand from Bermuda.

CHART 2 (JANUARY)

- (1) Plastic cube of family photographs.
- (2) Little pile of six drinks coasters with hunting scenes.
- (3) Tiny Spanish fighting bull (with colorful banderillas stuck in back).
- (4) Miniature golf-bag-and-clubs drink-stirrers (do not use).
- (5) Newton’s Cradle – Christmas present (completely twisted).

E

- (6) Green onyx leaf-by-leaf calendar (do not change date).
- (7) Weather-house with little man and woman.
- (8) Tiny china bell.
- (9) Small model of Cologne Cathedral.
- (10) Glass tube of colored sand from Bermuda.

CHART 3 (FEBRUARY)

M

- (1) Plastic cube of family photographs.
- (2) "Bruno" (German hedgehog with lederhosen and little rucksack).
- (3) Ship-in-bottle.
- (4) Black plastic room-temperature gauge.
- (5) Newton's Cradle – Christmas present (broken).
- (6) Tiny Spanish dancing-doll with castanets and red knickers.
- (7) Miniature Bambi with big brown eyes.
- (8) Donkey ornament with buckets each side.
- (9) Small model of Leaning Tower of Pisa.
- (10) Glass tube of colored sand from Bermuda.

O

But don't clutter things, space every little object out. If you run out of room just buy another two or three wall units.

CONDOS

Let me say straightaway that I've got nothing against condos. As a "*small home*," a condo can be very comfortable. In fact the wall unit described in My section "Show It All Off" can look stunning in a tiny condo, even if it does crowd the room so much that when you want to smile you have to open the door. But I worry for you people in condos much more than I do for Ordinary People in proper homes – for this reason:

H

Nuclear Defense

You see, government instructions on the building of *nuclear fallout shelters* completely ignore you unfortunate condo-dwellers, don't they? It's all very well them going on about digging holes in the garden if the biggest patch of dirt you own is a bag of quick-grow tomatoes on your balcony. It has been suggested that you dig a bunker in your largest *plant pot*, but even the government realizes that this might not be big enough and now say you should try to use the window box. Yes, I know what you're going to say, but don't worry – any flowers and plants that have to be removed can be safely repotted after about fifteen years.



But I'm not going to leave it at that! I have another useful nuclear defense for condo people, and especially those that live on the top of a high-rise . . .

If you get a four-minute warning, or even less, what do you do if:

- (a) the elevator isn't working?
- (b) it's melting?
- (c) somebody is, as usual, using it as a toilet?

Well the first thing to remember is – don't panic! This is not helpful. The second thing you do is *panic*, and hope the janitor gets back from lunch quickly.

But one important point – use any available time to quickly obtain *written permission* from occupants of the condos below for yours to collapse on top of theirs. I know it seems a drag, but it really can save a lot of legal problems later.

E PETS

I wonder how many of you flipped straight to this section in My Guide? You see, old Max knows that a lot of his fans have a terribly soft spot for pets. Come on, be honest – what would your home be like without your pet?

Well, I can help! For a start it would be a lot cleaner and smell better, but that's just Me *nit-picking* again, and what's a few nits between pet-lovers?

But isn't it strange how so many people stop and stare into a *pet shop window*, and you'll see many a lump come to the throat. Especially if the pet shop has left a snake in the same cage as a field mouse!

So what pet should you keep in the home? Well, unusual pets are trendy at the moment: for example, *alligators* are very popular in America. And what a good idea! You can love them, stroke them, walk them, and if they misbehave you can wear them on your feet!

Some very trendy people are even having their ceilings taken out so the *giraffe* can walk about. In New York you get Ordinary American People going into pet shops to buy a cat and you hear:

"A cat? Yes sir, black-and-white, or tabby?"

"Oh, any color – it's for the python!"

O But I don't think My talking about having a warthog or a sperm whale for a pet is going to help you, so let's have a look at some more ordinary ones.

(a) Goldfish

I often wonder what goldfish have done to deserve spending their lives in a bowl or a plastic bag. Who singled out goldfish to be a prize for being macho and ringing the bell at a fairground? Let's face it, you wouldn't get too many Gerry Cooneys in a fairground if the prize was a sack full of rats! No, the priorities are all wrong here. Leave rats to run fairgrounds, let goldfish free, and put *Gerry Cooney* in a sack.

(b) The Canine Friend

You can't do enough to spoil your dog, because they really are part of the family. Gone are the days of a **dog kennel** in the garden made out of cardboard, and a rusty water bowl outside the back door with "DOG" written on it.

It is clear from TV ads now that dogs like the best of everything (but obviously they are not fussy about their owners!) and like an army, a dog moves on its stomach. In fact, after a tin of "Chunky Beef with Sauté Potatoes and Onions" most of them can't walk any other way!

Now I know a lot of Ordinary People won't have a dog because of a rather nasty habit. And I'm not going to beat about the bush or sniff around a tree – I'll be frank – I'm talking about . . . er, well . . . "doggie-doo's." The whole business can be very embarrassing, not least for the dog who would much prefer to have nature call in his own home – but how does he know when he's going to be taken for a walk?



However I do have a small piece of advice on this touchy subject and that is, if you must have a dog, get a **King Charles Spaniel**. Why? Because if you are caught in the park with him squatting in the grass and someone passes you by at the most embarrassing moment, a polite little comment like: "Oh look! My King Charles is just doing a Richard The Third!" has a lovely historical ring and makes everyone look the other way.

As you may have noticed, in this section I have not touched cats, hamsters, or any other fascinating little furry creatures on four legs – and if you take My advice you won't either!

A HOLE TO GET IN BY

Whoever intended the house as a dwelling place finished the whole thing off with a stroke of pure genius! Yes, he invented that wonderful piece of social design – the **front door!**

E

He could have come up with the idea of entering and leaving through a secret passage – a sort of “via occulta” through the foundations – or down a climbing rope let into the roof, or through a concealed door somewhere halfway up the wall! Be thankful he didn’t! No, the front door stands facing out on to the street as an invitation to anyone, invited or not, to come and knock on it: Avon Ladies, carol-singers, Fuller Brush men, double-glazing reps, and most welcome of all, *Jehovah’s Witnesses!*

If you are lucky enough to open your door and be greeted with the jaunty opening sentence:

M

“Hello! I’m going round talking to people about God!”

then make the most of it!

It’s no longer just a matter of whether or not to buy a copy of the *Watchtower* – no, many of the newer religions don’t print magazines. (Many of them don’t build churches either, probably because they spend all their time knocking on people’s doors!) But they are fascinating, and a lot can be learned through simple patient listening.

O

I had a caller only the other day from a fringe religious group – he said he was a follower of the *Reverend Kyun Wan Loon!* Have you heard of him? No? Well nor had I, but apparently the Reverend Loon’s followers shave their heads and give him all their money – and they are called “*Loonies!*”

If you become a Loony, they give you a new name, meaning something like “Blessed Star Bringing Peace And Light To All The Heavens” so if your name’s Roy or Janet, you’ve got nothing to lose, have you! And they hold meetings, where they hand in all their money, then sit round in brightly colored sheets discussing ideas. I was enthralled!

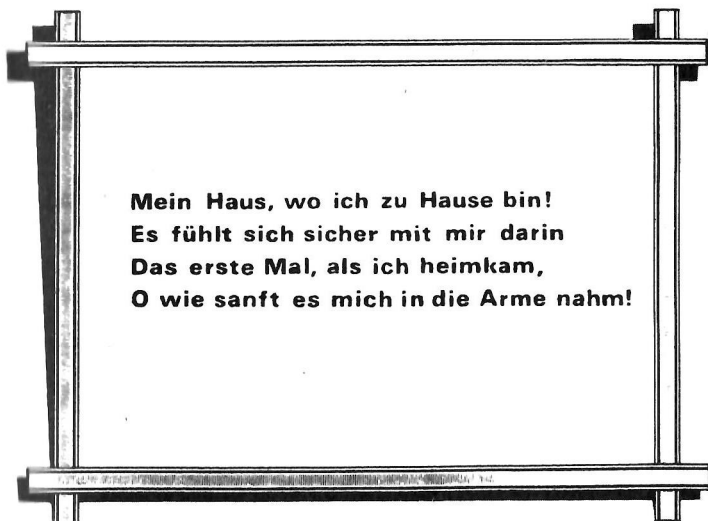
In fact this particular representative put his arguments so frankly, clearly, and concisely, that I quickly realized I was in the presence of a really *complete Loony!* Marvelous! Thank God – or even the Reverend Loon! – for front doors!

H

THE FINISHING TOUCH

Yes, the perfect finishing touch to any home is, as the title of the whole Stage suggests, a *motto on your wall*.

I have a rather special one on the first landing of My winding staircase. I have allowed a reproduction of it to be included at this point in My Guide, and I hope it means as much to you as it does to Me:



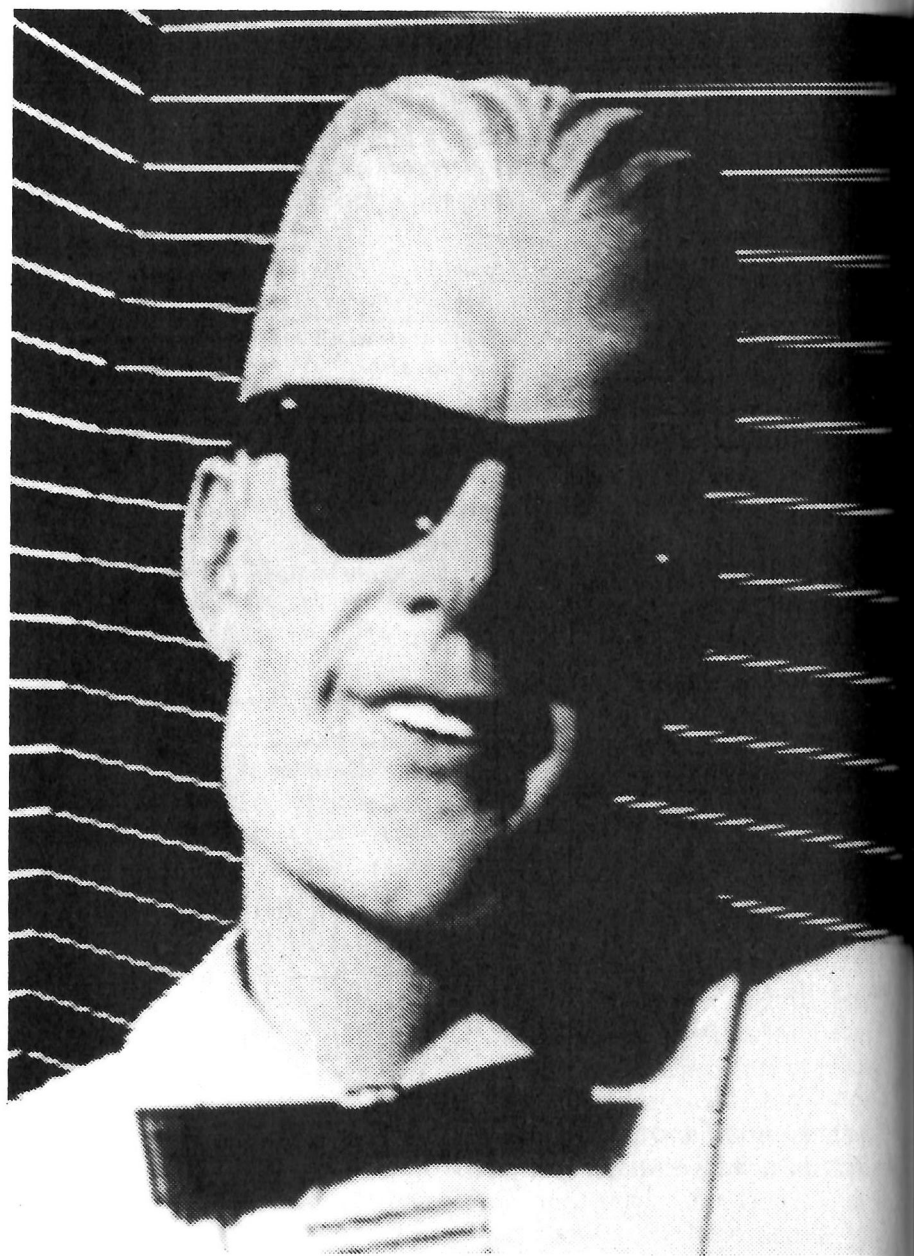
Beautiful words, aren't they!

Well, I hope this Stage on home has made you feel more at home, and makes you want to come home after you've been out. And that's where we go next – out to eat!

* * *

"Out, damned spot! Out, I say! God knows this sofa's in a bad enough state as it is!"

Lady Macbeth





● MAX HEADROOM'S GUIDE TO-



H E R E
S H A L L
W E E A T



aving seen Me on your television you will understand that it is impossible for Me to go to a restaurant like any normal person and enjoy a meal. Yes, success has its price – and for Me it's being surrounded within minutes at My table by a huge crowd of wide-eyed admirers, all nudging each other and badgering Me to autograph their napkins or salmon mousse! Seriously I have had to get up and leave more trout meunière untouched than **Britt Ekland** has bought train sets for her boyfriends! . . . Now, now, Max – don't start on poor old Britt! . . .

Anyway that doesn't stop Me giving you some advice, does it? After all you are hardly likely to be able to afford trout meunière, let alone be surrounded by your public when you are about to eat it!

Mood

The first decision to make before you go anywhere to eat is not "What can I afford?" but "What mood am I in?" There is no point going to a **hamburger joint** if you're feeling like chicken, and no point going to a **Kentucky Fried Chicken** if you're feeling hungry! No, think to yourself – do I feel happy or miserable, or perhaps, am I in a hurry? Make sure you are in the right frame of mind for the food you fancy.

In a rush?

Let us assume that things are hectic, you are feeling pushed for time, and you want to catch a **quick bite to eat** locally. In these circumstances I recommend you look for a public house with that well-known sign advertising food. I cannot think of a phrase that gets the taste buds tingling more than those two lovely words with their delicate hint of exotic flavors – "**Pub Grub.**" (I'd also go for a pub that's busy, since it is a sure sign of a chef sensitive enough to know what goes well with six pitchers of beer.)

Now then, what to choose? Well, you are in a hurry so you don't want to spend ages studying a menu – which is fortunate since it's on the bar and you probably can't get near it. The answer is to stand in the middle of the crowd and try to **spot what is on the plates** as they are passed over

your head. You might even get bits drop on your jacket, in which case you can have a closer look.

The next job is to shout your order to the girl behind the bar who appears to be serving the food – she will write it down after about fifteen minutes, and give you a **raffle ticket**. This ticket represents your order – or does it? Some English pubs run an ordinary raffle at lunchtimes as well, and you could find that after waiting an hour you actually win a bottle of light ale instead of getting the shepherd's pie and baked beans you wanted.

Assuming they aren't, the next thirty minutes or so are very exciting. Every so often a number will be shouted out, so don't stand next to the **jukebox** or you won't hear it. Furthermore if you are sitting there clutching ticket number thirty-six and you suddenly hear "Two hundred and forty-two!" don't panic – they often miss out a few in all the chaos. No, just go to the bar, place a fresh order, and get a new ticket. The important thing is to remain calm, and if you still haven't got your meal by closing time when everyone is leaving, at least you'll be able to sit down for a few minutes and enjoy your bottle of light ale.



Feeling experimental?

Now I know a lot of "**palate pioneers**" will be reading My Guide, so this bit is for them.

Feeling experimental? Fancy something really exotic? Well, for one of those "devil-may-care" evenings, you can't beat a **steak house!** And give yourself plenty of time over the menu, choosing is too enjoyable to be rushed, because the variety is enormous: entrecote, fillet and rump.

But the real thrill of a steak house is yet to come. Yes, it's thinking about those mouth-watering **vegetables** that can have you on the edge of your seat. This is because you never know in a steak house when the chef (he's the one wearing the tall white hat) might suddenly decide to throw caution to the winds and cook a few zucchini instead of peas! I have witnessed gasps of excitement and scenes of sheer ecstasy when plates of steak and chips have turned up with a few washed-out zucchini on the side. Believe Me, if you feel like living dangerously, there's nothing like a steak house!

Money no object

All right, let's take another mood. You're feeling flush, your wallet is full, and you really want to "go to town." The first tip is, don't go to town! If it's just cash you want to get through, then the most expensive meal available is a **cheese roll** in the tearoom of a **safari park**. Yes, sounds odd, doesn't it, but just think – safari parks are always miles off the beaten track, so you can happily spend a fortune on:

- (a) the cost of gas getting there
- (b) the price of admission
- (c) the garage bill for the paint respray job after the monkeys have jumped all over the roof
- (d) the wonderfully extortionate price of a snack in the cafeteria.

So why go straight to The Plaza Hotel for Lobster Thermidor when you can spend so much more on a cup of tea and a doughnut!

Waiters

By far the most passive and gentle waiter in the world is the **Italian**. This is because he spends all day being shouted at by the chef, the manager, the owner, and his wife. Consequently there is nothing he likes more than to sit down at your table and have a **good long chat** when he's really busy!

I overheard this conversation in My local trattoria recently when a middle-aged couple stopped the waiter just as he was flying past their table carrying three plates of spaghetti bolognese, two bottles of wine and a pepper grinder:

MAN: Er, can you spare a moment?

WAITER: Si, si – more wine!

**VOICE FROM
KITCHEN:** Luigi!!

MAN: No, No – the wine's lovely! But you see, we've been sitting here having a little argument about this word Parmesan! We thought you might be able to help!

WAITER: Si, si – more Parmesan cheese!

WOMAN: No, we were wondering whether Parmesan is actually a place?

**VOICE FROM
KITCHEN:** LUIGI!!

WAITER: Si, si – plaice, yes – we have plaice – I bring menu – scusi . . .

MAN: No, no, no – you've got the wrong end of the stick, old boy. Now just sit down, take the weight off your feet and have a glass of wine! Whereabouts do you come from in Italy – Parmesan area?

WAITER: Si, si – er, scusi – sack!

**VOICE FROM
KITCHEN:** LUIGI, GET YOUR BUTT IN HERE!!

WOMAN: Sack – really? Is that near Parmesan?

WAITER: No, sack is what I get!



Well I don't know what the waiter meant either but they were getting on so well! I do believe he was about to show them photographs of his family in Italy, but he was suddenly dragged off into the kitchen! Such a pity!

MENUS

There is often a lot of confusion when people are confronted with **French words** in a menu, like "Hors D'Oeuvres," "Entrées," and "Starter." So perhaps I can give a little guidance on the whole question of menus.

Basically there are two areas to deal with, because when looking at the old ME-AND-U, you need to know two things:

- (a) What does it all mean?
- (b) What's good in it?

Of course in a **roadside café** you probably know what "egg and bacon" means – but is it good? Well, just have a quick glance down the card for the meals with a black greasy thumbprint next to them – a fair indication of what is favorite with the local truck drivers that pass through.

One thing to remember however – the dishes available in a roadside or transport café do change, so if you fancy something to excite your taste buds, do not be embarrassed to ask the chef for his speciality of the day. (The chef will be the gorilla behind the counter with a filthy apron and fingers the size of French loaves.)

How about the menu in a **wine bar**? This is usually written in chalk on a blackboard, confirming My theory that all wine bars are run by ex-teachers. If you cannot read the writing, it is a safe bet to ask for a "quiche" but don't be surprised if they offer you sixteen different varieties, and don't be surprised if they all taste the same.

I must mention one of My favorite pastimes – going through a **Greek restaurant menu** – dare I say it, in Greece! Ah, Greece, such a stylish place to be seen in when you're a celebrity!

Now Greek menus are famous for one thing: they contain – in five different languages – every dish that has ever been cooked, planned, or even dreamt of. Unfortunately most

Greek restaurants actually have only a maximum of **three dishes** available at one time and none of them are on the menu! Still, Greek menus are always a pleasure to read, especially if you have forgotten to take a book on holiday with you.

THE CHINESE PUZZLE

Chinese restaurants are popular, particularly with families of four or so who enjoy dressing up and venturing into the local Main Street to celebrate some special family occasion, like a birthday or a death. And with all the British understanding and sensitivity toward foreigners, they always describe it as a "**Chinkie nosh**." But the problem they always encounter is the menu!

Chinese menus are usually printed in English, but reading them involves wading through a list of at least a hundred and fifty dishes, all more or less the same, but with slight variations. You see, the problem is that the **Chinese language** is very complicated, and one simple little word can mean as many as 30 different things. (This is why their population is so large – Chinese men never know when to take no for an answer!)

Yes, plowing through a Chinese menu is tiring and time-consuming. You keep getting the feeling that you are reading the same dish you read several pages back, and constantly turning pages can be annoying for you, and will make the **Chinese waiter** even more surly than he usually is!

So I have devised a simple way round this, which I lay out overleaf – should any Chinese restaurant want to take up the suggestion.

As you will see, it simplifies the whole thing: the waiter simply hands you a disposable menu (printed on a sheet of **rice paper**), and you just mark what you want and hand it back.

Max, sometimes I think you're nothing but a genius!



TABLE

美

日本

LONG
CHINESE

Stewed

Fried

WITH:

CHICKEN

CABBAGE

DUCK

GREEN PEPPER

BEEF

CHOP SUEY

PORK

SPRING ONION

PRAWNS

BEAN SHOOTS

CRABMEAT

WATER CHESTNUTS

CHINESE MUSHROOM

CASHEWNUTS

川 田

THIS MENU IS MADE OF RICE PAPER

CHOO
RESTAURANT

寺

IN:

WITH:

SWEET AND SOUR SAUCE

CHILLI SAUCE

BLACK BEAN SAUCE

SOYA SAUCE

YELLOW BEAN SAUCE

OYSTER SAUCE

Boiled

RICE

Fried

武林

日

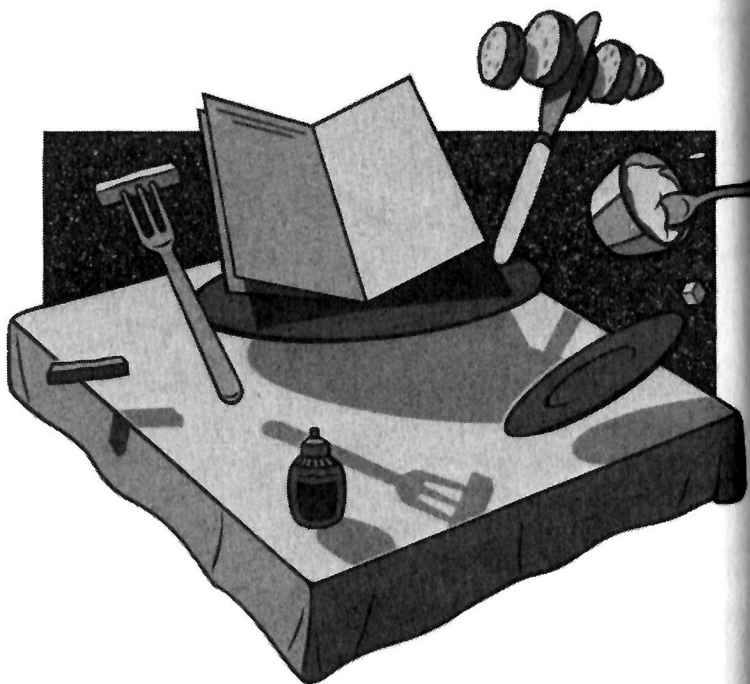
IS ALSO YOUR STARTER.

TABLE MANNERS

Are you the sort of person who feels they cannot present themselves to the world without dressing up first! I know I am! But do you shower and change before you call in at the *local takee-outee*? If so, you have a problem, and this section will help you deal with it. "Table manners" is just My way of saying "Do the right thing when you go out to eat." In fact, say the right thing, wear the right thing – in short, *be right!*

When in Rome

"Manners" is really about entering into the spirit of the occasion. For example, almost all Greek restaurants that serve decent food (i.e. all those outside Greece) encourage the age-old Greek tradition of *plate-smashing*.



Now if everyone else is sitting quietly eating, don't be embarrassed to start the whole thing off. Just suddenly grab a plate and hurl it against the wall! And try to involve others immediately – take a plate from somebody else's table, and even better, one piled with food.

As soon as the waiters hear the crash, they will get tremendously excited. What should happen according to Greek custom is that they start clapping and dancing together on the tables! If however what follows seems more like a fight with you in the middle, don't panic: Greek men love to touch, and even if it's with a kebab skewer through your left arm, don't worry – it's a sign of affection!

At the end of the evening, when the floor is littered with broken crockery and moussaka, the owner will probably show his delight and gratitude by stopping you as you are about to leave and holding on to you until you give him your name and address! Yes, they adore fun-lovers and he'll want to invite you back for a Greek wedding or one of their special party evenings.



That reminds me – My Golf Club has party evenings! . . . Ah, those mixed-foursome Ladies' Nights! . . . And the midsummer-night putting competitions! . . . I can smell the blossom now! . . . Do you know, I was miles away then! Ah, well, back to My Guide! . . . Oh yes – traditions!

The Indian hot-flannel trick

Indian restaurants are now very popular with Ordinary People like yourselves, and you will be glad to know that I too am a great fan of Indian cuisine. Yes, I'm afraid I can't pass a hot Lobster Vindaloo without My mouth watering – unlike a rather rough-and-ready friend of Mine who says he can't pass a hot Lobster Vindaloo without his eyes watering! But that's another story!

When you visit your local Taj Mahal Tandoori, you may find at the end of the meal that you are served a steaming hot white roll on a plate. I must stress that this is not – I repeat, *not* an extra dish "on the house." No, it is a *hot flannel*,

and is wrapped in polythene.

So do not:

- (a) Start trying to cut it with your knife and fork.
- (b) Pass it on to the next table, saying loudly, "Ooh, would you like this? I couldn't eat another thing!"
- (c) Ask for the recipe.

Many diners make the rather crude English mistake of using them to wipe their fingers and face. It is fortunate that the Indians are a polite and well-mannered race of people who are content to stand by and see their customs abused in this way. No, what you must do at this point is take one out, unfold it, and wrap it round your head *turban-style*. Then approach a waiter and kiss him on both cheeks as a *token of friendship* between your two peoples!

Simple isn't it, when you know how!

Getting physical

(Vegetarians can skip this section)

"On the bone or off the bone, sir?" Yes, I'm talking about meat, so people who eat nothing but hamburgers can miss this section too. Whether you pop it into your mouth neatly, or pick it up and ravage it like a bad-tempered terrier with a bit of rag, we've all had that terrible problem: what to do with the stubborn *bit of gristle* that just won't go away!

One answer is to persevere with it through the main course, the dessert, the cheese and crackers and the coffees. All these flavors will make it much more interesting, and by the time it has been soaked in the rest of the wine and a large brandy, it will be worth taking home and enjoying again for breakfast.

But there are a few other suggestions:

- (a) Cough it into your handkerchief (but don't forget it's there)
- (b) Attempt to swallow it (and risk choking to death)

- (c) Drop it on the floor (and hope the waiter doesn't look under the table)
- (d) Drop it on the floor and kick it under somebody else's table
- (e) Throw it across the restaurant (very Continental, but not very stylish)

Or my own personal suggestion:

- (f) Call the waiter, show it to him, complaining that it is a bit tough, and suggest it goes back under the grill for ten minutes.

DOING IT IN STYLE

In the end you can't beat home food, and the happiest way to enjoy it is to pile all the family into the car with a picnic basket, four chairs and a folding table, then do what thousands do – head for a *rest stop on a busy road*. One family I know who do this every weekend have a song they sing on the way there – and all the way back! . . . Ah, doing it in style!



So sing this song yourselves – it makes the miles just fly by!

Our Favorite Rest Stop

Every Sunday afternoon we point the bonnet west
 And head for our favorite rest stop, the one we love the best
 It's got a Triple A phone box and it's quite near Oregon
 Who needs to squat behind a bush – our rest stop's got a
 john (Twice)

We drive out from Seattle, and we've never once got
 lost

We take sandwiches and a flask of tea – who cares about
 the cost!

It's on a six-lane highway so it's got a lovely view

We're not gonna tell you where it is 'cos you'll all go there
 too! (Twice)

Now try it with the tune overleaf:

THESE ARE THE GUITAR CHORDS YOU WILL NEED

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of five staves. The chords used are C (C major), F (F major), D7 (D dominant seventh), and G (G major). The lyrics are as follows:

Every Sun day Af - ter noon we point the bonnet west And head for our
 fav or ite rest stop The one we love the best It's got a Triple A
 phone box and room to walk the dog who needs to squat be-
 hind a bush Our rest stop's got a john Who needs to
 squat be - hind a bush Our rest stop's got a john.

GARLIC

Finally a few words on this important subject. Garlic is an increasingly popular ingredient in all kinds of things: meats, vegetables, sauces, butter, bread, Popsicles, and so on.

The thing to remember is, don't be too self-conscious after eating it. Of course this does not mean you can go to the other extreme and invite someone to have a game of *spin the bottle* with you immediately after eating snails in garlic butter! And don't offer anyone who is feeling faint the *kiss of life*.

No, what I mean is, you don't have to stand in the bus line holding your breath: this might lead very quickly to someone having to give *you* the kiss of life, which wouldn't solve the problem at all.

Put quite simply, there is one Golden Rule on this very wide area – if you've eaten it, try to stay in a very wide area.



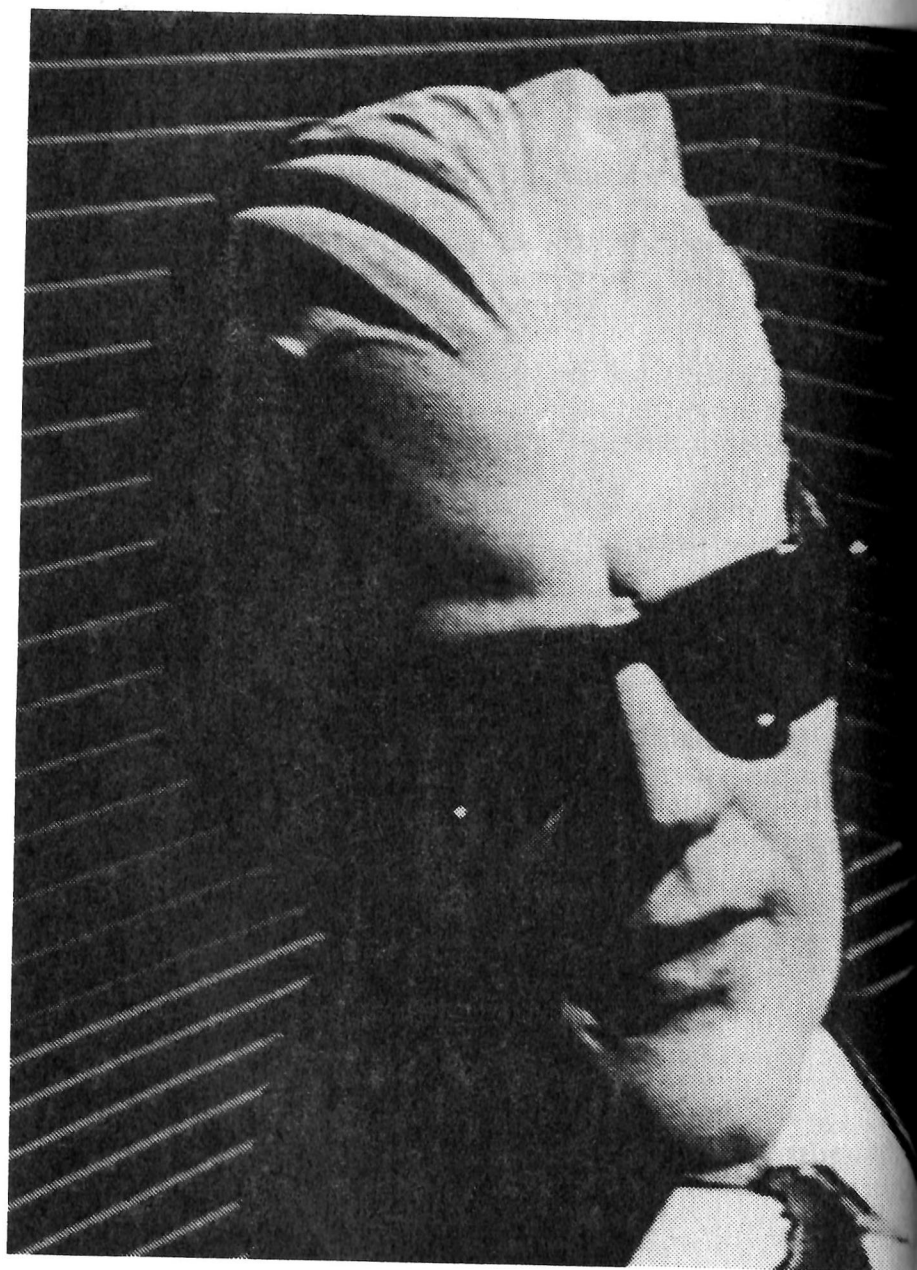
Well I know this Stage "Where Shall We Eat?" will have been a big help to you – now you should be able to go and eat anywhere with confidence. But one final thought: if you're going out later for a *hamburger*, you will notice how much hamburger restaurants have licked themselves into shape lately. The tables are spotless, the floors shine, there's not a sign of filth anywhere – and you sit there and think, "*Where's the dirt all gone?*" And then you find out when you get your hamburger!

Oh, and I almost forgot – if you enjoy eating *Dry Roasted Peanuts*, try to open the packet in company. The smell is a real conversation piece, and will bring back memories to anyone who has ever been anywhere near a Turkish toilet.

* * *

"August 16th. Today – pigged myself stupid! Bang goes my bloody diet!"

Samuel Pepys





●MAX HEADROOM'S GUIDE TO-



T

**H E
EMOTIONS**

**-ALWAYS
A PROBLEM**



r. Freund:

Max, I'm intrigued by your coolness – are you an emotional person?

Max:

My writers think I'm not an emotional person. Emotional, yes – a person, no! They're wrong, of course – personally I feel as much a person as the next. . . . Well, never mind.

*

Yes, as I explained to Dr. Freund, the very famous "show business shrink" – I have emotions, but to Me they're small things that I can sort of pick up and put down, willy-nilly, as the mood takes Me! But how does that help you? What can you Ordinary People do about your emotions?

Well here I'm going to throw a thought at you which may shock you:

Your emotions are annoying, difficult, awkward little devils that cause far more trouble than they're worth – and you're better off without them!

There! That's upset you, hasn't it! Some of you don't feel quite so **friendly and jolly** toward Me now, do you! You might even feel a little **worried**, and I'm not sure I can't already hear one or two of you calling out:

"But Max, where would us Ordinary People be without our emotions – it doesn't bear thinking about!"

Others might even feel a little bit of **self-satisfaction**, thinking to themselves:

"Aha, I've caught Him out! Old Max is wrong at last!"

Good!!

You see, that's just how I wanted you to react – to prove to you how **important and enjoyable** your emotions can be! Learn to accept them, to take a pride in them, even to

love them! They're what make you what you are – an Ordinary Person!

Dr. Freund:

So how do you let off steam?

Max:

I yawn a lot . . . sometimes I shake My head . . .

Dr. Freund:

You shake your head to get rid of anger?

Max:

No, I shake My head when I'm dancing – that's how I let off steam!

OOH, I'M SO ANGRY I COULD

You could what? Take hold of the shaker ball on your wall unit and give it a good shake? Give away all your John Denver albums? Start eating meat again?

No, all quite pointless! So calm down and don't be so impulsive with your anger. Use it constructively! If you feel like tearing the flock wallpaper off your walls (a good idea anyway), don't be left with huge patches of bare plaster because the hardware is shut – no, **plan your anger!** Put it in your diary! If you know the trashman comes on Thursday and always leaves a trail of rubbish down the path, and never takes the newspapers or grass cuttings anyway, then stick in a good bout of anger for Wednesday and build it up.

You see, spontaneous outbursts of anger just make you look silly. Many of you will remember the **"bouncing ball"** incident on one of My shows, when My then-producer Tim had for some reason brought a brightly-colored beach ball into the studio. In fact it's only fair to say that he was suffering from a rather difficult personality crisis. (He didn't have one.)



THE EMOTIONS

86



Anyway, instead of doing his job, he was standing at the side throwing it up and down and trying to catch it, and finally hurled it at Me in a fit of anger because no one was taking any notice. I simply headed it very neatly into the hands of the floor manager! All this left Tim looking *thoroughly humiliated*, Me looking even more stylish and skillful, and the floor manager with an offer of a job in goal for the Hartford Whalers!

So you see – anger's fine, but getting annoyed with it will only make it worse.

*

I think this is an appropriate point to give you all a little tip on how to watch your emotions carefully and learn from your mistakes. So here it is. Every month prepare a graph of your various emotions: joy – sorrow – jealousy, etc., and plot the ups and downs.

I gave this advice to Tim, and as a matter of interest I have included in My Guide his happiness graph for the month of June, which I actually found, for some reason, screwed up on the studio floor after he left. And as a comparison I have shown My own graph for the same month, and some explanatory notes, which I'm sure you'll agree make fascinating reading!



Dr. Freund:

Max – Fame?

Max:

Correct!

Dr. Freund:

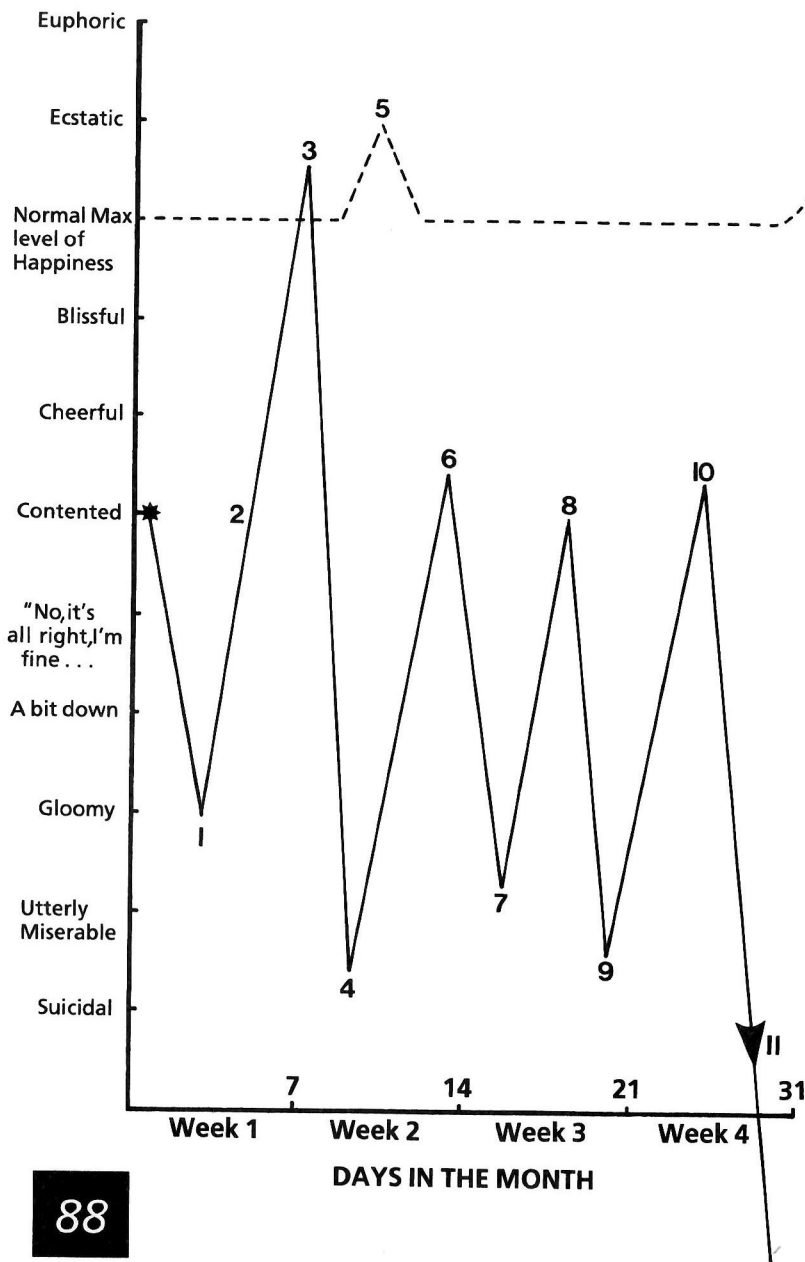
No – I mean, how do you cope with it?

Max:

You know doctor . . . you are a doctor, aren't you? . . . Good! You see, it may sound funny to an Ordinary Doctor-Person, but fame is not something I have to "cope" with. No, fame just sort of sits on My head like a ski hat! Whatever I do, I just can't shake it off.

Happiness Graph for June

Key
Max's Graph - - - -
Tim's Graph ———



Analysis of Graph

- (1) This was when Tim first arrived in Studio 1 with a thin leather tie! All I did was ask him whether he'd tied it himself, or did it come with the little knot?
- (2) Tim was beginning to get the hang of the show and was even dancing by himself on the studio floor.
- (3) The only time he managed to exceed My happiness level – it was when he shouted out the punch line to one of My jokes.
- (4) He'd got the punch line wrong!
- (5) I raised a little smile at this and felt a small rise in normal happiness level.
- (6) He persuaded Me to accept one of his old 70's videos on the show.
- (7) I only showed three seconds of it! This prompted him to walk out. He returned later in an utter state of misery – apparently he'd just spent "Happy Hour" in the pub, and drink always made him very depressed!
- (8) Feeling back in favor he suddenly turned up with a beach ball and, like a child with his first yo-yo, bounced it up and down during a show. (See section on Anger.)
- (9) Represents his feeling of utter humiliation having thrown the ball at Me and made himself look a complete fool.
- (10) The lull before the storm. Tim braced himself for a final showdown and kept walking round muttering "It's Him or me!"
- (11) It was him!
- (12) I can't put My finger on it but there must have been some reason for My little boost at this time!!!



Dr. Freund:

That's wonderful!

Max:

Yes, I suppose it must seem like that – but really, you don't have to look up to Me quite so much – for example, why don't you take a seat?

Dr. Freund:

Thank you.

Max:

You see, deep down, Doctor . . . "doctor" is right, isn't it? . . . yes, deep inside I'm a humble, miserable, rather dull little person . . . just like yourself! And I do take enormous pride in My fame!

*

SHE'S TOO PROUD, THAT ONE!

Wrong! She **can't be too proud** – whoever she is! (Unless she's Dr. Ruth's speech therapist, of course!)

No, pride is a wonderful thing, and in My position I *could* let it run away with Me. For example, I was recently asked to lend My name to something very big (I can't say any more than that), and I could have let pride affect My decision, but I didn't – and so I turned the request down! (And as I said to them, what's wrong with the name J.F.K. anyway!)

So you see – be proud! Be proud of the **furry dice** you've got dangling in the windscreen of your car! Mention them in the Penny Saver ad when you're selling it! Be proud of the two shiny coach lamps you've got either side of your new mock oak front door, proud of the aerodynamic spoiler on the back of your VW beetle, and of the holiday stickers and "Appalachian Trail" badge on your parka.

Yes, there's pride in everything! Just look at the **1985 Live Aid concert** – what an achievement! A proud and emotional event for a great many people! I only wish I could have been there, but I felt I might have been accused of jumping on the Bandidwagon, and in any case I'm not sure

My face would have fitted – well at least not on the screens they had!

"But isn't Pride one of the Seven Deadly Sins?" I heard one of you say! Well it's true some people see it like that – normally people who haven't had their own series on television!

*

Dr. Freund:

Max, moving on to your dealings with people –

Max:

Ordinary People!

Dr. Freund:

I'm sorry, yes – the point is, you have a very direct style when interviewing them on television!

Max:

Absolutely! You see, I believe in the old saying, "Give me the suzette, and just cut out the crepe!"



Dr. Freund:

But sometimes your approach seems a rather cold one – you look the sort of person who thinks that the country could be run by computers!

Max:

Ah no! The world, yes – the country, definitely not! This country is far too complicated! No, no, can you imagine a computer running a fish-&-chip shop after closing time? It's difficult enough for a human to rake out the biggest pickle from the bottom of one of those giant gherkin-jars – let alone try to work out which portion of sixteen drunken orders of cod-&-chips hasn't been salted!

No, I dread to think of how British institutions would change if computers took over! Big Mac take-away cartons would end up in litter bins, and telephone boxes might start smelling clean – it just wouldn't be the same, would it!

Dr. Freund:

But has it occurred to you that, with your forthrightness, you could actually frighten people?

Max:

Not at all! Do remember that I'm actually prepared to listen to their opinions! Well, as long as I agree with them, that is! But fear – no! And if they are afraid, then it's because I usually spot the things they're desperately trying to hide!

* * *

HE WOULDN'T SAY BOO TO A GOOSE!

Frankly, I think **geese** have got it coming to them, and you should go round saying "Boo!" to as many of them as you can find! Go for them with something like, "Yah, you're just full of hiss!" . . .

Sorry, where was I? Oh yes – fear! And something My writers know all about – **fear of failure**. I have to treat them with gentleness – be reassuring! I do this by leaving their contract on the table as we go through their jokes!

Only the other day one of them said to Me, "Max, er, I hope you don't mind, but, er, well . . . I've had a funny thought." It took Me at least twenty minutes of nodding and smiling to make him relax and say what it was. And then he said, "Max, why do **deck chairs** always face the sea?" Now you may not have laughed at that, but I did – and for one simple reason: to make him feel more at ease and give him the confidence to sit and think of something a lot funnier!

One sad thing about fear is that it is often confused with cowardice, and this is wrong, because **being a coward** is a Very Good Thing! Yes, cowards should get together and whisper their message loud and clear. They should **come out of the closet**, or wherever else they're hiding, and join society – and the society I suggest they join is a new one that I have set up for them. It is called "**Multi-Inhibited Crisis Escapers**" – (M.I.C.E. for short).

They organize all kinds of events for cowards, like Non-Encounter Groups, shadow-boxing tournaments, and visits

to theaters where the lights are kept on. And they are very concerned about nuclear war, and have recently been trying to get themselves a tiny room in this **vast underground bunker** that's being built. Unfortunately the place has already been booked out – by the entire Swiss nation! . . . Ah, the Swiss – they know about fear! How they've sat at their bank desks and suffered!

*

Dr. Freund:

I'd like to look at another side of you, Max. If I say the word "love," what does it mean to you?

Max:

Ah, love – yes . . . the sweet scent of honeysuckle on a late July evening, the stroll hand-in-hand through rose-covered arches, the romantic sound of water trickling through lilies in a secluded rock pond . . . bliss!

Dr. Freund:

So women play a large part in your life?



Max:

No, not women – gardening books! Sorry, doctor, I must try and take you seriously . . . you are quite sure it's "doctor"? . . . Fine!

Dr. Freund:

Do you feel love for your work, and for other artists?

Max:

Yes I do, but I can tell you that in My "biz," love for fellow artists is about as rare as a racing steering wheel on a Corvair. Oh, I know everybody calls each other "darling" and "sweetheart," but it's usually done because they can't be bothered to remember each other's names!

Dr. Freund:

And love for your fellow man?

Max:

Of course! My fellow man is My public – unless there's something very wrong with their televisions! Yes – love, affection, and most of all, sympathy – a public figure should feel sympathy more than anything else!

Take that poor policeman who has to stand day and night outside little Margaret Thatcher's place in Downing Street! How often has she nipped out to offer him a chair, or even brewed up a nice cup of tea for him? I'll bet never! And do you know the reason? Because sooner or later the poor man would have to come in to use her toilet! Now isn't that sad?

Dr. Freund:

Max, I've learnt so much from our chat, and it seems to me that you are the first person I've ever met who has the capacity to look at absolutely anybody – and love them!

Max:

Yes, yes, I think I do . . . with the possible exception of Paul Williams. . . .

* * *

LOVE ME DO!

When your middle-aged aunt suddenly starts crying at about one in the morning during the family Christmas party, and sobs through floods of tears: "George has been a godsend to me – he has!" . . . well it's ***all about love*** isn't it? And when George says: "Oh no, here we go again!" – that's about love too!

But what can be said about love that hasn't been said already? One thing only, the simple but universal rule:

Love Is a Clothes Line

Yes, it's true, and on it hang all the other emotions – hence the expression "***putting yourself on the line***"! So go ahead – fall in love! It's the bravest thing you can do – especially if it's raining!

So to sum up, what is meant by "emotional people," and how can you recognize them? When **Warner Wolfe** waves

his arms about like a racehorse bookie in a thick fog, does he look emotional or just a complete bimbo? And if someone looks so nervous that he's drumming his fingers on the table and completely missing the table, do you call him emotional, or Warner Wolfe?

Well having read this Stage of My Guide, you should be able to answer all these questions yourself. And if it has also helped you come to terms with your emotions, perhaps even seen you through the odd little crisis or two – then I am satisfied, I have done My job!

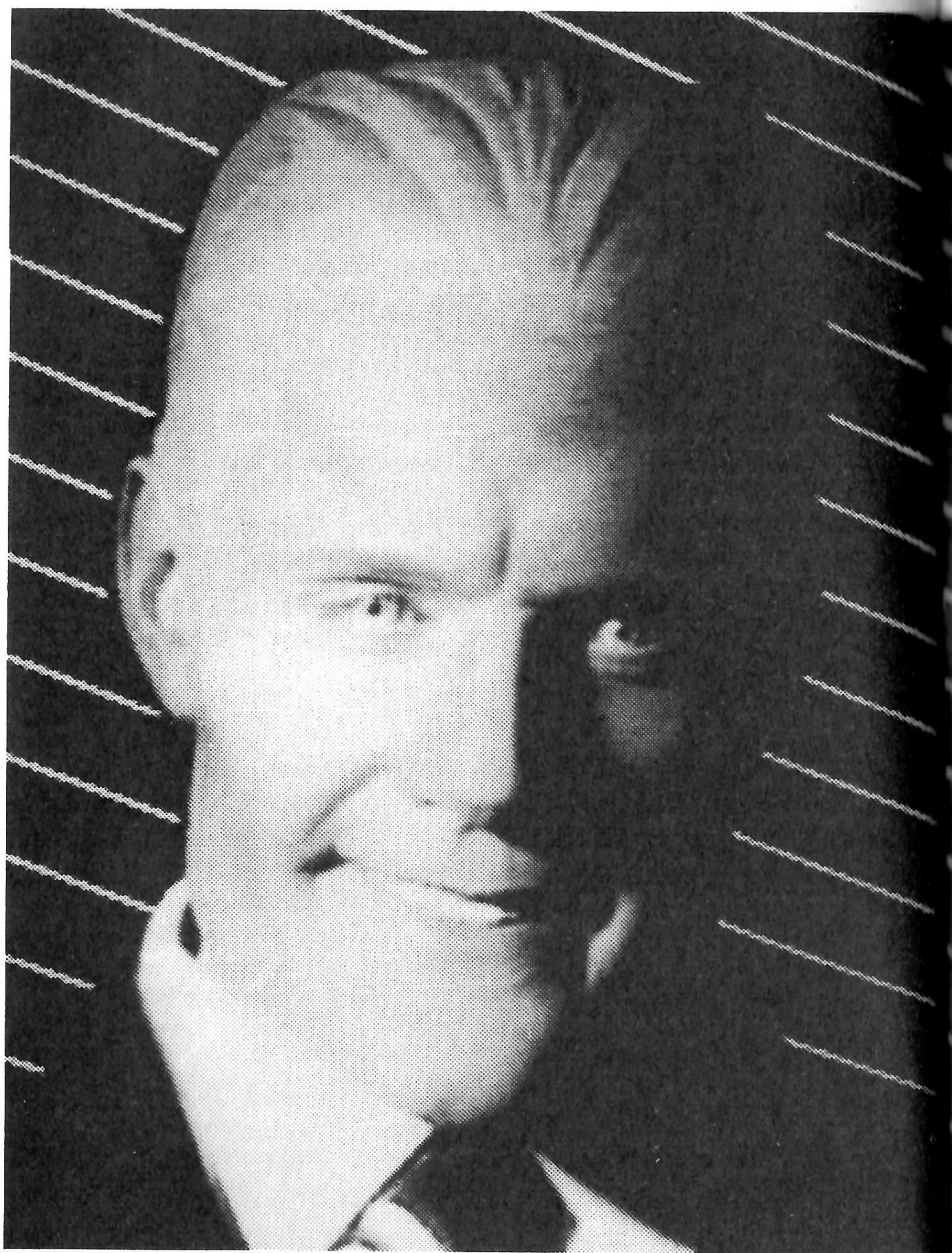
Yes, I've got tears in My eyes – but *I'm happy* . . .

* * *

"Kiss me, Hardie! mmmmmm – nice!"

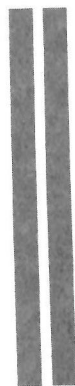
Admiral Lord Nelson







● MAX HEADROOM'S GUIDE TO -



FOREIGNERS

**AND FOREIGN
PARTS**



y Guide would not be complete without some special advice to My English-speaking public, those people with such good taste who have taken Me to their funny little hearts!

English-speakers have a long tradition of *kindness and understanding* toward foreigners, indeed at various times they have taken over many of their countries to demonstrate this. However, there are still some small groups of Very Ordinary People – possibly just like yourself – who are unsure how to talk to foreigners, and so I want to begin by giving them the *Golden Rule* which must never be forgotten:

ALWAYS SHOUT AT THEM

There are two reasons why this is effective:

- (a) Foreigners communicate in a peculiar way – it is called “foreign language.” I have a total command of all foreign languages, but that’s not much help to you, is it? No, you will find that *shouting* is the only way to make them understand you.
- (b) It immediately tells them you are an English-speaker, and politely informs them that all future conversation must be conducted in English or in *sign language*.

Don’t be afraid to use your hands and arms when dealing with foreigners: they expect this. Some of the British football fans abroad have developed the shouting-and-waving method to a fine art. In fact in certain holiday resorts they will enter a busy and very full bar, where local customers sit for hours with one drink, and give invaluable assistance to the owner by using this method to empty it for him within seconds.

But now some special advice for those British people who like once a year to pack a case and head off for the exotic charm of foreign climes (and also some tips for those who go to Spain).

GOING ABROAD

France

If you're in Britain don't bother paying the fare to cross 25 miles of Channel to France. No, it is far more stylish to **swim across**. However a lot of people have realized that this is also the cheapest way – which is why, on any fine summer morning, Dover Beach is packed with people wearing nothing but goggles and several pounds of grease, wading into the water and striking out for France. Yes, the English Channel is the busiest waterway in the world – far busier than your local swimming pools.

This has caused most of the oil-slick problems on British beaches, so once you are fully greased up and in the water, don't hang around the coastline – get a move on and start swimming.

Of course this method is not recommended if you are going over simply to visit a **French supermarket** – after all, pounds of cheese and paté are hard to carry while you are doing the breaststroke. No, for this purpose the **day trip** on a boat is My favorite. The idea is to bring back loads of French food and wine, and on a rough trip home most people do – all over the deck.

If you decide to stay any longer than a couple of hours in France then two things will immediately strike you: the French method of standing in line, and French toilets.

The **French line** is an age-old tradition, and goes back to the wonderfully popular Louis XIV, the Sun King – the most colorful personality that ever lived. (I believe he had a great deal in common with Me.) The point about standing in line is that in Britain, it is normal to stand behind the person in front, whereas in France you are expected to stand in front of the person in front.

Ignorant people sometimes call this "line-jumping," and



this explains why the French are sometimes known as "Frogs."

The French are a highly civilized and cultured people, and nowhere is this better demonstrated than by their *toilets*. Well worth a visit – especially that fascinating variety that involves standing on two large footprints, and squatting poised over a very small hole in the floor. So forget about taking in *The New York Times* or *People* magazine. (Any attempt to stay inside more than a minute or two could in any case result in rapid asphyxiation.)

And isn't it so very French that a *silly mistake* led to the building of millions of these odd conveniences (or as some visitors with a stomach upset call them, "inconveniences")! All that happened was when the first outside toilet was constructed, the builder stood in the wet concrete while tiling the walls, and since then people have always placed their feet on his footprints – isn't that a lovely link with history!

Yes, the French toilet – a real breath of fresh air!

Italy

If you have been suffering from some long illness, or have had a *heart attack* due to stress and anxiety and need a break to relax and convalesce, you simply cannot beat a driving holiday in Italy!

Don't listen to silly ill-informed people who tell you not to drive in Italy (because the Italians don't – a stupid joke), or that the Italian word for Kamikaze is "Fiat." No, take it from me – the Italians are very good road users, and they like to use most of it.

One interesting feature is that in *traffic jams*, to relieve boredom, Italian drivers like to test their horn to make sure it is working. This has developed into an entire language, and in Italy it is considered very bad form not to converse with all other drivers on the street in *horn language*.*

*An interesting historical footnote here. With all the sound of car horns in Italy, it is impossible to hear the tune from an ice-cream van. This is why all Italian ice-cream sellers left Italy and went abroad long ago.

Yes, an American will choose his car for its length, a German for its performance – but an Italian always for the amount of noise the horn makes. I have seen an Italian drive right across Rome with two flat tires and a broken back axle, but if his horn packs up, he will just park the car and walk home instead.

Greece

The saddest thing about Greece is its *lack of good golf courses*. It is a tribute to millions of Greek people that they still try to enjoy life and put on such a brave face to the world without so much as a *bunker* or a *pro shop* between them. Yes, when I think of the lovely par 3 they could have built for an 8-iron over the Acropolis in Athens, I could almost cry!

As you know, I don't like to harp on about things that aren't relevant, but it seems to Me that the wise philosophers who shaped Greek culture overlooked the most crucial element to civilized life – golf! Let's face it, their land could have almost been designed for it. If there were a giant World Golf Course, the entire country of Greece would make a terrific bunker! . . .

I'm sorry – My two writers have once again brought Me back to their rather mundane level with a suggestion that I should continue with My Guide! Amazing! They've never met a caddie in their lives and they want to give *Me* advice!

Anyway, as to the *"package holiday"* (a phrase describing the "package" method of cramming hundreds of people into one plane), Greece is ideal for the three S's: sea, sand and sunstroke. So briefly, here are two points to remember:

- (a) If you go there with someone you don't know very well, be prepared to see a part of them you've never seen before – usually the third layer of skin on their nose.



- (b) Take plenty of that immensely popular white zinc ointment. Tourists in Greece walk around with large smears of it on their nose and lips, attracting attention to themselves in the most stylish way.

Finally two points about *nude beaches* in Greece:

- (a) If you take group-photographs on a nude beach expect a long wait for them to come back from the developers.
- (b) Going in the water nude can be a frightening experience – totally confident men can suddenly feel as defenseless as a shrimp, and about the same size.

Ibiza

Such a popular place with English vacationers, but there is one misunderstanding I should clear up about Ibiza – it is not part of Britain, it is actually in *Spain!* There – that's shocked you, hasn't it! Yes, and so many people make this mistake. Of course this is not surprising when you consider that the hardest thing to find in Ibiza is a Spaniard! Yet this does have several advantages:

- (a) Language is even less of a problem.
- (b) There is no Spanish food, so *diarrhea pills* are unnecessary (unless you are allergic to keg beer or Guinness).
- (c) There are very few Germans, so *beach umbrellas* are safe. (This is crucial – many people do not realize that the Second World War actually started as an argument with a crowd of German tourists over an umbrella.)

Now, I know what you're thinking! You're thinking, "Old Max is pulling my leg here – I remember seeing a Spaniard in Ibiza once!" But don't be fooled by someone you see who looks like a Spaniard – they are *planted there* by Tourist Companies for effect! Yes, would you believe – the Mayor of Ibiza himself actually comes from Hoboken!

Above all, Ibiza has one huge advantage for vacationers: the time saved walking to the beach. You can virtually step out of your room into the sea, particularly if your hotel is one of the many still under construction.

BE READY TO HELP THE FOREIGN TOURIST!

The British do a great deal in helping foreign tourists to make the most of their holiday. A typical foreign visitor arriving at Heathrow Airport will usually experience the following welcome:

- 1 He will be warmly greeted by the cabdriver with the words "‘Urry up – where to?"
- 2 He will then be dropped off thirty miles outside London at Hounslow West, told he's actually in Piccadilly, and charged half his holiday money.
- 3 When he finally arrives in London, he will immediately spend the other half of his holiday money on a Popsicle and an orange juice in Oxford Street.
- 4 He will then wander into the subway thinking it is a public toilet, get on the wrong train, and end up thirty miles outside London!



So you can see how the Brits really like to step in and **help foreign guests**, and in particular Americans. You see, my friends and public in America have a very touching enthusiasm for British History, and if a Brit hears an American happily enthusing over his visit to some monument – say Stonehenge – he never misses the opportunity to add a bit of colorful local knowledge.

For example, how many Americans realize that Stonehenge was originally put up by a group of drunken Druids on a football tour – with stones they swiped from a construction company? This is the kind of helpful information you can expect and adds so much to your visit.

The Brits also realize that Americans get shunted around Europe so fast on vacation they often become disoriented and need help finding their way about. Hence if an American woman in York stops a local inhabitant with "Pardon me, but does this bus go to France?" – the local won't laugh – he'll just say no, and explain that all buses in York go to Athens.

Again, lots of American visitors gather at Stratford-upon-Avon to have a poke round William Shakespeare's house, and you'll often see helpful English people having a word in their ear that Shakespeare has in fact recently moved to an apartment in Liverpool. So kind!

Japanese

Small people – I feel sorry for them, having to mill around in such *large groups*. Of course this is because if one walks about on his own, he tends to be stopped by an old lady, poked in the shoulder and asked why he's not at school.

So how can you help them? Well, being so industrious the Japanese love to relax at the beach on vacation, but they rarely get in the sea for a swim. This is nothing to do with the *cold water* (they talk as if they're standing up to their waist in it anyway, don't they?). No, it is simply that once they get on the beach, put on their swimming costume and take off their *glasses*, they can't see anything and go wandering off in the wrong direction. So a friendly shove toward the water will be greatly appreciated.

Germans

Germans can be silly sometimes, can't they? Because they are less well-educated than you are, and therefore can't speak English so well, some will try to engage you in a *conversation in German*.

Of course you can't be drawn into this sort of one-upmanship, and My advice is to give your replies in clear and concise English. As the German is probably just pretending he doesn't speak your language, he will be happy enough anyway!

Here's an example of how a London fruit vendor handles the language barrier and remains helpful.

GERMAN: (to English fruit-and-veg stallholder):
Entschuldigen Sie bitte, ich suche ein Postamt!
(Excuse me, I'm looking for a post office!)

TRADER: Come again, mate?

GERMAN: Wissen Sie, wo ich Briefmarken bekomme?
(Do you know where I can get stamps?)

TRADER: I've got pineapples at 60 pence, or French Golden Delicious – that's a lovely little apple!

GERMAN: Nein, nicht französische – ich brauche englische Briefmarken.
(No, not French – I need English stamps.)

TRADER: Or a nice pound of cherries – lovely and sweet, them!

GERMAN: Ich glaube, Sie haben mich nicht verstanden.
(I don't think you understand me.)

TRADER: Come on, Jack, make your bloody mind up – I've got customers waiting!

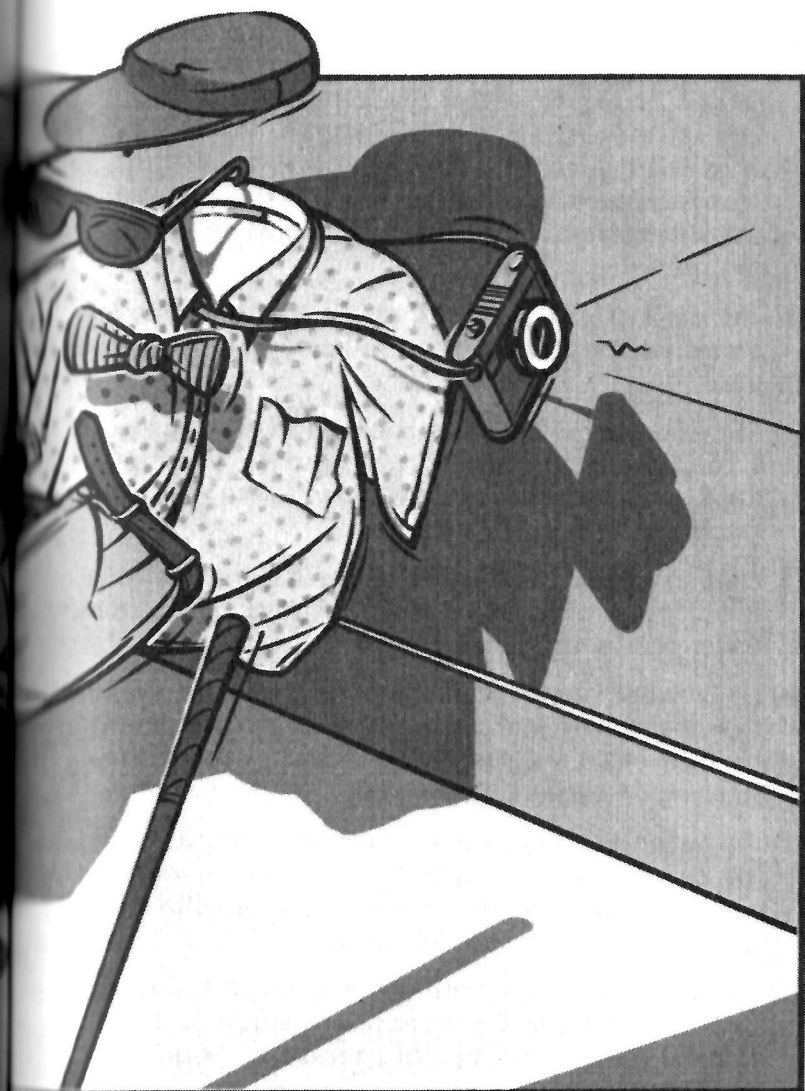


GERMAN: Danke, ich glaube ich frage jemand anderen.
Aber geben Sie mir zwei von den Pfirsichen da, bitte!
(Thank you, I think I will ask somebody else. But I will have a couple of those peaches there, please!)

TRADER: Look, mate, stop waving that postcard about – if you want a post office, there's one on the corner! Right, who's next!

FOREIGNERS **AND** FOREIGN PARTS





**MAKE THE MOST OF BRITAIN!
(ADVICE FOR FOREIGNERS)**

I would hate My vast overseas public, among whom I number countless admirers, fans and a certain Spanish champion golfer (My friend Sevvv Ballesteros), to feel left out of this Stage of My Guide. I have therefore decided to include a few pieces of advice for them to follow when they visit Britain, and I promise that by using these, they will have a much more eventful and colorful stay:

- (a) Always barter with cabdrivers over the fare – they love the cut-and-thrust of a good discussion when they drop you off.
- (b) The mark of a good McDonald's is the wine waiter – always insist on speaking to him before you order your meal.
- (c) At the Supreme Court, foreign tourists are allowed to join in court cases from the public gallery, so don't hesitate to stand up at any time and deliver your views to the judge loudly and clearly.
- (d) On a sunny day in any public area, join in the traditional British game of kicking the legs of picnic chairs from under people, and running away.
- (e) On crowded subways Londoners are obliged to give up their seat to any young foreigner with a backpack. Just tap them on the shoulder and wave them out of their seat shouting "Foreign! Foreign!"
- (f) The National Gallery loves to encourage overseas talent, and deliberately leaves spaces on the wall between its pictures for any foreigner with artistic leanings to knock up a quick sketch with a felt-tip pen.
- (g) The Union Jack flying over Windsor Castle means the Queen and Princess Diana are serving supper to foreign tourists. Walk in flashing your passport at the guard on the door.

(h) Every Friday is Covent Garden Opera House singalong night – just stand up and join in.

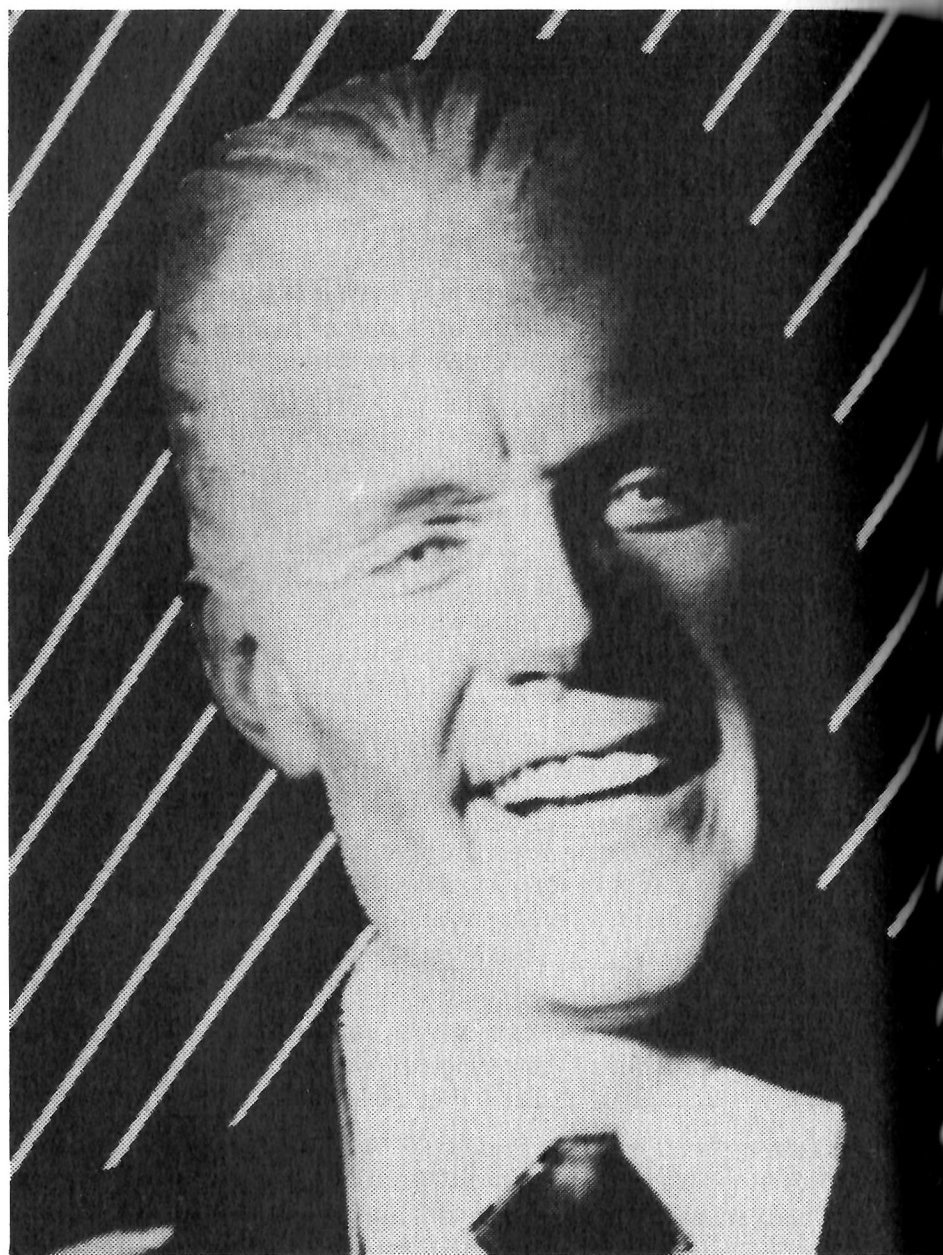
So that's it on foreigners! Some people say they're a funny breed. Others say they shouldn't breed at all. What do you think?

* * *

"If I should die, think only this of me . . . that in a corner of some far-off beach on Corfu I left a pair of swimming trunks – if you find them you can have them!"

Rupert Brooke







● MAX HEADROOM'S GUIDE TO-



M U S I C
A N D T H E
M E D I A



hat's your favorite music, Max – what do *You* like?"

Yes, if I had a penny for every time some *delving little rock journalist* has asked Me that searching question I'd have enough to buy an Angora bath mat! Or even better buy up all the rock papers and employ decent journalists! But I won't be cruel about them – I couldn't if I tried! No, I'm Mr. Nice Guy, and you can't change that, can you?

So, to put the record straight (both 7 inch and 12 inch), I've kept a space in My Guide to deal with "Music and the Media," since I'm supposed to know something about it!

THE CLASSICS

I have what is called a "classical background" in music, which means I can hum the entire "Hallelujah" chorus from Handel's "Messiah" without the aid of a Walkman – it's actually quite a party trick to do it without shouting the word "Hallelujah" once. Try it!

But I fear for the future of classical music, because having to sit for two hours at a concert in *total silence* is keeping the crowds away. Let's face it, at a performance of "Tchaikovsky's 5th Piano Concerto" anyone with piles or a dry cough has had it!

All the composers realize this problem, which is why they divided their works up into "movements." It has nothing to do with the music, it's just the cue for the audience to change cheeks.

But I am glad to see that classical music is being given a chance – and where? On *TV Ads!* Yes, nobody sells Life cereal like Tchaikovsky, do they? Unfortunately this has led to assistants in classical music shops having to get used to this sort of thing.

"Er, . . . 'scuse me . . . have you got that aftershave music – you know, da-da da-da da-dum . . . da-da da-da da-dum . . ."

And sometimes they can't even remember the tune:

"Look, there's this cigar ad – you must have seen it – bloke buys an old car, he's tickled pink, and he's driving down the road, and he sees these girls that want a lift . . ."

And on and on he goes, without realizing that assistants in classical music shops don't smoke, don't watch any television except P.B.S., and then only if Alistair Cooke is on!

TOP OF MY POPS

I suppose it is only fair to list in My Guide My *all-time favorite records*. And so that I can't be accused of being frivolous, I have left out any reference to My own musical accomplishments.

However, no desert island would be the same without these milestones:

- 1 Digital Watch Tunes (Volume 2).
- 2 20 Golden Golf TV theme tunes (give a special listen to the '82 American Open and '84 American Masters).
- 3 All-Time Great Ice-Cream Van Themes.

I was thinking of going on to include the theme tune from the N.F.L. Highlights, but then you get into adding the one from Wimbledon, and Game of the Week, and in the end someone has to be disappointed, don't they? So I've left it at three and you'll have to guess the rest! (By the way, please don't ring Me for the serial numbers of the above records as they are bootlegs, and it could be very embarrassing!)

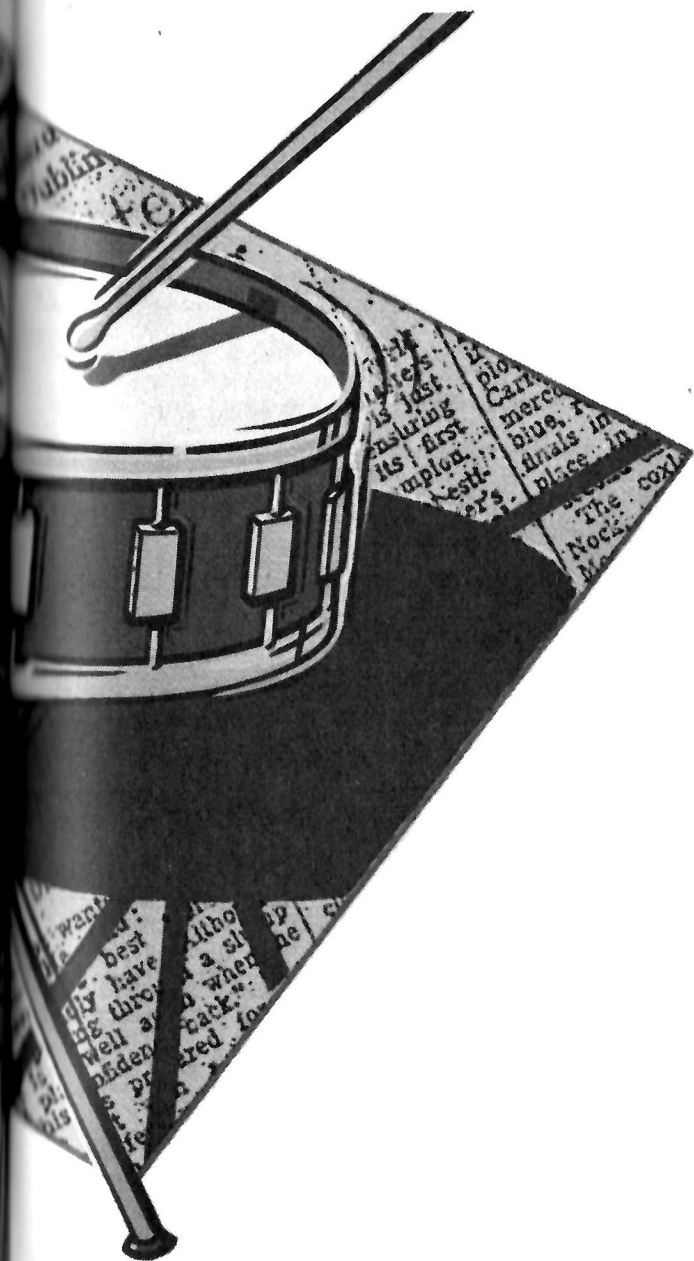


Which reminds Me, you should be very careful about buying any *bootleg material*. All these sharp operators do is take a powerful cassette recorder into a rock concert, and stand at the front with it hidden inside their jacket. I spoke to someone recently who bought a bootleg on a very cheap offer, and he said the music was good, but it was spoilt by the sound of burps and someone's dinner going down!

MUSIC AND THE MEDIA

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FORMING A BAND?

If you are a budding rocker and are looking for your *big break* in the rock biz, then this section of My Guide will be essential reading.

Now some musicians think too small, and are simply not professional enough! They think they can rise to stardom by just taking a day off school (or two if they plan to make an album)! No, the world of the successful group is a sophisticated one, so plan ahead, and don't go near your public until:

- 1 Your lawyers have agreed on all the small print in the contract.
- 2 Your accountant has set up at least three off-shore tax-saving companies.
- 3 You've bought a set of guitar strings.

Naturally, image is important. Try to get a *distinctive stage act* that everyone will remember. So might I suggest that if you owe thousands of dollars to your friendly local bank and they come to snatch back all your gear, make sure they do it halfway through a gig.

And remember this – the pressures of being *on the road* are enormous! You could suddenly get booked for an 18-gig tour, starting that night in Maine at eight, and finishing in Hartford at nine-thirty – so better not to make plans to go home for dinner.

Also if you've got a manager who's never done a deal in his life, don't worry – the thing is, can he change a flat tire on a van while it's still moving?

And of course the hardest job is to get a *decent recording contract*. Now you may find this as difficult as understanding Leon Spinks just after a fight, but don't despair! Just accept that until your 15th hit record you won't see the wood for the trees. . .

Ah – wood . . . trees . . . rough . . . pin at the back of the green . . . out of the bunker with a sand iron . . . a chip and

a putt, and down for four! Of course Tom Watson would be out of the bunker and straight on to the green. Honestly, that man is a genius out of a bunker . . . I think he could have dug Hitler out of his with a 3 iron! . . .

Oh! . . . I'm sorry, I completely forgot Myself there for a moment . . . Where was I? Oh, yes, a recording contract! Well, what is there to say – if your name's David Bowie, sign it – and if it isn't, forge his!

VIDEOS

I suppose I ought to say a word or two about videos – fascinating brightly colored little attention-grabbers, aren't they? (Not unlike Prince, I heard one of you say!) Yes you may recall that on My shows the videos were a nice filler, giving My audience time to get their breath back in between bouts of Me!

Of course My tastes are rather special – one of My favorite stars is Mozart. Have you seen his latest video – Amadeus? Great, isn't it? Although a bit long, I thought.

However every self-respecting band should make at least one video, for several reasons.

First, it keeps a lot of otherwise derelict warehouses and buildings in constant use. In fact it is almost impossible to find a warehouse to just store things anymore!

Second, it enables a lot of up-and-coming film directors to cut their teeth on celluloid while you cut a record. This is brilliant for their careers, and you'll be doing your bit for the British Film Industry (and giving *Sir Richard Attenborough* yet another excuse to get up, make a speech and wipe his eyes).



Third – some look quite nice, don't they?

However, I can hear some of you shouting out:

"But Max, we haven't got the money to make a video!"

And I do understand, because it is a very very expensive business, and money doesn't grow on trees! . . .

Ah, trees . . . bunkers . . . rough – oh, don't start that again, Max!

But all is not lost. If your budget is low, and a derelict warehouse is out of the question, then try this: rent a large garage, and film all the action inside it. To cover up any lack of filming technique, film every shot with *lots of mist* in it, and if you can't afford that, just back a car into the garage and fill it with carbon-monoxide fumes. This is a good substitute for mist, and will absolutely guarantee that you only ever have to make *one* video!

Of course the mere mention of videos brings up questions about My next TV series, and what will be in it. Well, I can promise something a little different this time, but the big problem at the moment is where we do it. There is talk of writing it in London, filming it in Paris, mixing it in Philadelphia and editing it in the Bahamas. The trouble is My writers are no good at flying! (They're not much good at walking either.) It surprises Me, because they tell Me they're both quite cultured chaps, and I believe them – in fact I would imagine they're covered in them!

THE RIGHT "HARDWARE"

Music isn't just about listening, it's about *how* you listen to it. The *right equipment* is an essential part of your record or tape collection. In fact it doesn't matter if it consists entirely of Glenn Campbell, it's what system you play it on that counts.

The Walkman

The personal hi-fi is such a wonderful little device, designed especially for those people who are tired of the human race and simply want to be left alone.

If you go everywhere with your walkman, then for perfect style it is important to learn how to listen without *singing out loud* to the music or tapping your feet to the rhythm. Making a noise with your mouth as you try to imitate a fancy guitar solo on a Dire Straits track is fine for you, but in a

crowded train carriage can look and sound very silly – particularly if you've got a cold sore and are completely tone deaf.

In any event you cannot consider yourself a "Master Walkman" until you have sat in a *public library* with it tucked in your parka, and listened to a complete cassette of Meatloaf without moving a muscle!

Portable Recording Studio

The size of a weekend suitcase, the portable recording studio is another stylish piece of sound equipment that some more extrovert people like to carry around with them. With their sophisticated choice of *volume control*: "LOUD," "VERY LOUD," and "EARWAX-REMOVING," it means everyone can listen to the music within a radius of thirty miles without having to pay a thing! Walking along with one of these, playing a cassette of brass band music, it is quite easy to completely clear Main Street of traffic leaving you free to breeze along in the middle of the road and bringing the most stylish attention to yourself! Fantastic!

Your Stereo

It is so important to have the right "system" at home and here you should take advice from everyone, including your neighbors or the people who live upstairs. After all, it can be very embarrassing to have them *knock on the wall* late at night asking you to turn up the volume.

And another small piece of advice: there's no point in having a stereo unit the size of an apartment block if you plonk your wall unit (see section: Show It All Off) right in the middle of the "*diamond of sound*." So remember to arrange your furniture around this "spot," and in this respect it helps to *paint a white circle* on the carpet just to remind you where it is.



Before I move on to that fascinating subject "The Media," you won't be surprised if I tell you that a question I'm often

asked is:

"Is golf more important to You than music?"

Well, let Me put it this way: if you're standing on the first tee at Pebble Beach – as I do whenever I have time – having a few practice swings, getting the feel of a new leather glove, and preparing to burn up the course, then you have to try as hard as you possibly can to push out of your mind for a few moments the bass runs on a particular Go West single.

Likewise I don't really like *waving My 9-iron about* at a disco – apart from anything else it makes Me a little dangerous to dance with.

THE MEDIA

I know it's not for Me to say, but it's hard not to notice that My name is really catching on. And who were the first people to pick up on it? . . . Yes, the media! Sharp as nails, within days of My first appearance they were saying:

"His name is on low bridges, and multilevel garages!"

Now I don't take offense easily, but how they could associate Me with *garages*, those romantic brick buildings which harbor the faint aroma of a kidney donor unit, I don't know!

The fact is – and there's nothing I can do about it – I took a giant leap forward in the public eye! And here the lesson is simple: there comes a time when you have to step out of little boy's sandals, and into big boy's shoes (as *Gary Hart* knows only too well)!

And people who work in the media are great "comparers," aren't they? Someone even compared Me to *David Frost* – well, wouldn't *you* be insulted! I mean, whose idea was it to stick that man on breakfast television at seven in the morning – he looks half asleep at three in the afternoon!

But I won't be nasty about him – no, I'm far too kind for that! In fact I am a great supporter of charitable causes, and there are a few that the media themselves would do well to

get involved in. For example "**Save Madonna!**" That girl comes from a good family – surely all isn't lost! And how about that new charity, the "**Bring Boy George Out Of Obscurity**" Fund – surely there's somebody who thinks that's a worthwhile cause! And My particular favorite at the moment the "**Write Sandy Duncan A Decent Musical**" Appeal! There must be someone who can knock together a few guitar chords and song lines for him!

But enough about My pet causes – let's have a look at what the media do to cheer you all up . . .

Mags

Bright, colorful, and part of everyday life for Ordinary People – yes, I'm talking about magazines! And there are so many of them, it takes as long to choose one as it does to read it. In fact, if you go into a very large bookshop, you can stay there all day and do both without anyone realizing it!

But I have to say that My favorites are those delightful and attractive magazines about **warfare!** And I don't have to recommend them to you, because the publishers spend millions doing that anyway. So beautifully presented, aren't they? With lovely clear pictures of the latest tank-crushing device, or cruise missile. Ever so useful to Ordinary People! And those exciting stories about mercenaries and other elite groups of soldiers, and how they attack each other, and anyone else that happens to be about.

What's more they are written in an easy to understand, nonsense language, so they're **ideal for children** who can collect them week by week in charming plastic folders. You couldn't ask for more from a magazine, could you?



Actually, I wonder if I can tell you about a party I was invited to recently. It was a cocktail party for one of these magazines being launched by a group of **Arms Dealers** – a sort of "Bring Your Own Molotov Cocktail" party! You see, that's what I like about arms dealers – they're very sociable and they don't mind who they mix with! Anyway, it sounded great! The invitation said I could bring an enemy and suggested that we arrive late so there'd be a decent fight

over the food. Apparently it was a cold buffet, but they'd sell you a knife if you wanted one. I would have loved to go, but unfortunately I was addressing a pacifists meeting the same night! Isn't that the price of fame!

The Press Gang

Journalists have a rough time, don't they? Just going about their business, writing up events for the public – and they're not trusted! So many lies are told about them! Isn't that unfair?

And those well-meaning Italian photographers! Trying to keep the public informed on important issues by taking photographs of *Princess Margaret* on the island of Mustique from a trawler moored off the Irish coast – and what happens? They get chased away! Sometimes I think there's no justice! No, the foreign press does a good job! Without them we'd never know that the *Queen* enjoys a good boogie at her favorite disco in Harlem, would we? Or that *Princess Diana* really can't stand children!

"But, Max, can photographers be trusted?" you say. Yes, very sharp of you – you see how far you've come! But don't be too cynical about them! It can't be an easy job to hang around O'Hare Airport all day, waiting for *Rod Stewart* to stroll through carrying a very expensive leather bag, hand-in-hand with an even more expensive bag, can it?

No, it's the photographer's job to take revealing pictures, and you and I should try to see things from his point of view. (Although unfortunately, I'm too big to crawl under a rock.)

Yes, study these "exclusive" pictures – I think a man can learn a lot from them! (I just wish I could meet him!)

But what do you want from a newspaper? Well, of course you want news! And here I can give you some guidance on the ones with the most news in them. It's the Max Headroom "Fold It Up And Stuff It In The Back Pocket Of Your Jeans" Test! The newspaper that folds up most neatly in this way is the one to buy – so allow yourself twenty minutes or so at your local newsstand to try this test every morning. (On Sundays you may need a little longer.)

A Cautionary Tale

I'm going to tell you a little story, by way of warning – about "ads"!

Now I've already gone on record as saying that, next to Egyptian second-hand carpet dealers, **"advertising people"** are the most honest bunch you could wish to meet! You see, I love ads – on TV and on the street, but watch out – some can be very successful! Only the other day My chauffeur came rushing in to me all excited, babbling on about a huge car ad he'd seen on a hoarding. You know the kind of thing – enormous picture of a car, with very tiny writing underneath. Something about it had obviously upset him, and when he'd calmed down, I managed to get out of him that he'd been driving along, tried to read it, gone smack into the back of somebody else, and now he needed a new car!

Yes, a very successful ad!!!

Yes, I have so much more to say about people in the media – almost as much as they have to say about Me – but My writers are itching to move on to the next Stage, "Television" – because they know I'm going to be talking about Me! They keep saying "Please Max, don't be so self-effacing – talk about Yourself, you're the Star!" Really, they are such masters of the understatement.

Oh, one more thing! Don't try the **"Back Pocket Test"** with this book – and if you must, can you make sure I'm facing outward please? Thank you.



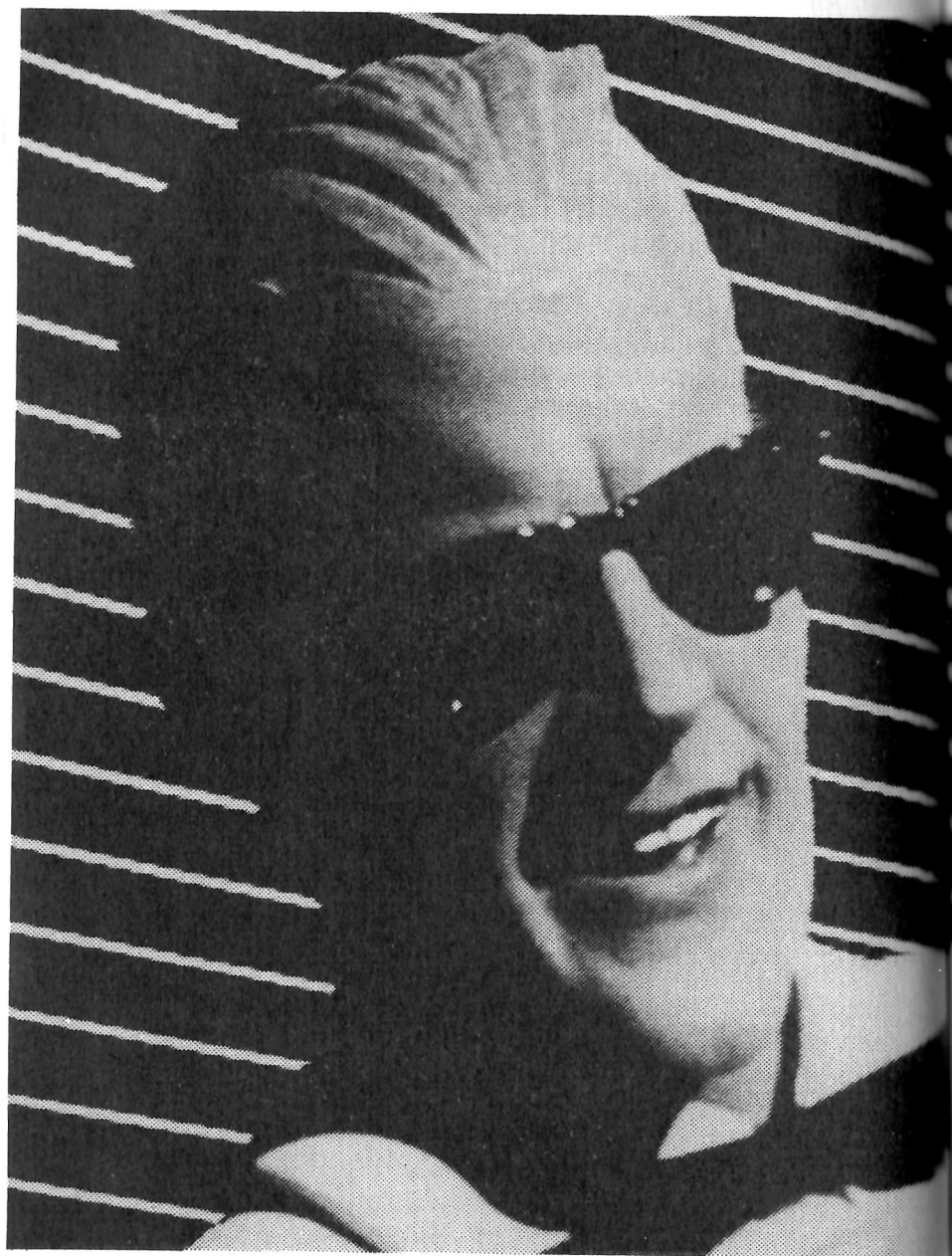
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"What do you do up there in your bedroom – all that jumping up and down all day!!"

Mrs. Jagger 1962





● MAX HEADROOM'S GUIDE TO -



TELEVISION
- MY
WORLD



elevison – what a word! To Me television says success and excitement – it says **razzamatazz, pezazz, zap**, and lots of other words with z's in them! And I think in My own humble little way it also says MAX HEADROOM!

Yes, television is My world, I've made it My own special place. But for those of you who have never been near a television studio or mixed with people in "the biz," this section will give you a little glimpse of what it's like to be a **television star!** After all, it's sad for you really, isn't it, when the nearest you ever get to stardom is having **TV Guide** delivered! And could you be a star? Well, you never know do you? (I do, but you don't!) So read on, just in case . . .

HOW TO GET ON IN THE "BIZ"

"Getting On" in this wonderful business is simple, provided you have that certain something. And I have listed below a few tips:

- (a) Be Jewish.
- (b) If you can't be Jewish, tell Jewish jokes.
- (c) If you can't do that, do a juggling act with latkes and gefilte fish.
- (d) Be a short fat songwriter who tells jokes.
- (e) Be a short fat songwriter who can't tell jokes.
- (f) Of course, the impossible – be Max Headroom!

Here are a few things which will do you no good at all:

- (a) Being a short fat songwriter who tells Polish jokes while juggling three pizzas.
- (b) Trying to imitate Max Headroom.

Now I hate to say this, but there is a lot of jealousy in "the biz," and some very wicked things are said about a **Certain**

Person in the public eye. Nothing more than an actor in makeup, they say – a Public Figure who can't speak properly! Now I ask you, what a way to talk about the American president!

And what's wrong with not being able to talk properly if it helps you get on? Take *Margaret Hilda Thatcher!* (Hilda – isn't that such an attractive middle name?) Have you noticed how her voice is getting deeper all the time? If you ask me, I think it's a simple battery problem, but if it gets any lower she'll soon be able to advertise horror films on TV! Actually, I said that to her the other day and it went down rather well! (Her voice I mean!)

BEING A "CULT FIGURE"

You know, being a "cult" can be a frightening business – for some! I feel sorry for these so-called TV personalities who carry fame like an oxen's joke – it must be a real pain in the neck! . . . (Ah, jokes – God knows, if only I was a stand-up comic!) . . . You see, I'm often asked what fame means to Me . . . – well, in a word, it means a new filter for My swimming pool whenever I want one, two sets of Trivial Pursuit, and a *pair of monogrammed flip-flops*. Now that's style!

Was I an instant success, you ask? Well, yes, because unlike a lot of run-of-the-mill celebrities, I didn't have a string of fascinating jobs before I hit the big time. You often hear them on talk shows boasting about the jobs they did before they were discovered – how they worked as a hatcheck attendant in a synagogue, or as jokewriters for *Hee-Haw*. I've only had one job, and that's being a star – doesn't that sound boring?

But what about fans! How should you deal with them? Well, assuming your fan club meetings aren't so small that they need you there to make up a fourth for bridge, you will need to organize *fan mail*. I receive letters from both sexes – a sort of mixed female and mail bag. (I got that joke from *Hee-Haw!*) What's more, I like to answer fan letters individually – the *personal touch* is important – and I think



you would agree that My personal thank-you form letter has just that!

In fact, My admirers and fans everywhere constantly ask for *signed photographs of Me*, and I would love to send them some. If it were in My hands I would, but I haven't got any. (Hands, that is!)

LET'S WATCH TOGETHER!

Good programs, bad programs – how can you tell the difference? How can an Ordinary Person like you be expected to judge, when so many programs have only touched the surface of good taste. So let's have a look at some *real quality television*, and see how it can be improved.

Game Shows

What kind of people go on TV game shows, and why do they do it? And how do they differ from a normal person? Should they be selected at birth and given special training to bring out that most attractive of human traits – greed? Such a lovely word, "greed" – it sort of bankrolls off the tongue, doesn't it?

America is far more advanced in the technique of training game show contestants. They have devised a *special training program** which hopeful contestants can follow at home before they go near a studio.

Here is a small extract from that special training program:

- 1 First thing in the morning, don't just climb out of bed – leap out, run to the window and shout:
"Oh wow! . . . A new day! . . . Jeez! . . . A new day – fantastic! . . . Oh thank you! . . . I don't believe it – it's wonderful! . . . Thank you! . . . But, er, what other prizes have you got?"
- 2 During breakfast, don't just sit there reading the paper –

*Footnote

A full copy of this special program can be obtained from the Institute for the Study of Greed, Excitement and General Silliness,
c/o The University of Idaho-ho-ho.

try to remember how much your toaster cost, and what you paid for your refrigerator. Get your husband/wife to test you on the price of holidays in Las Vegas, and the value of every car on the market! When you get your little boiled egg in front of you practice this:

"Oh! . . . The boiled egg! . . . Oh no! That's it – trust me to get the booby prize! . . . No, I'm not disappointed – I've just enjoyed being on the show! . . ."

So how can game shows be improved? Well, I think people should be prepared to ***stake something of their own*** before they can win prizes. Why don't TV companies make them stake their own ***car***, or even better their ***house***? Wouldn't it make things really exciting if you knew that when someone got a question wrong they might have to spend the night on somebody's floor? Of course it would! Or they could double up on the bet, and stake their friend's house! Just think of that – one question wrong, and the whole street could end up sleeping out in cardboard boxes! Yes, that's a much better idea!

Situation Comedy

You know, I often feel tremendous sympathy for the writers of situation comedy. It can't be easy dreaming up the new ***Silver Spoons, Three's Company, Diff'rent Strokes***, etc., etc., etc., etc. . . . But I have given it some thought, and I think I can help them, because I have devised the Max Headroom Recipe for the ***Perfect Situation Comedy!***

The recipe is easy for anyone to follow, and within minutes you can rustle up a hilarious little 7 o'clock sitcom which everyone will enjoy!

I've called this recipe ***"My Wife And A Piece On The Side" Dish***, but you can have hours of fun choosing your own title!



"MY WIFE AND A PIECE ON THE SIDE" DISH

Writing time: 20-30 minutes

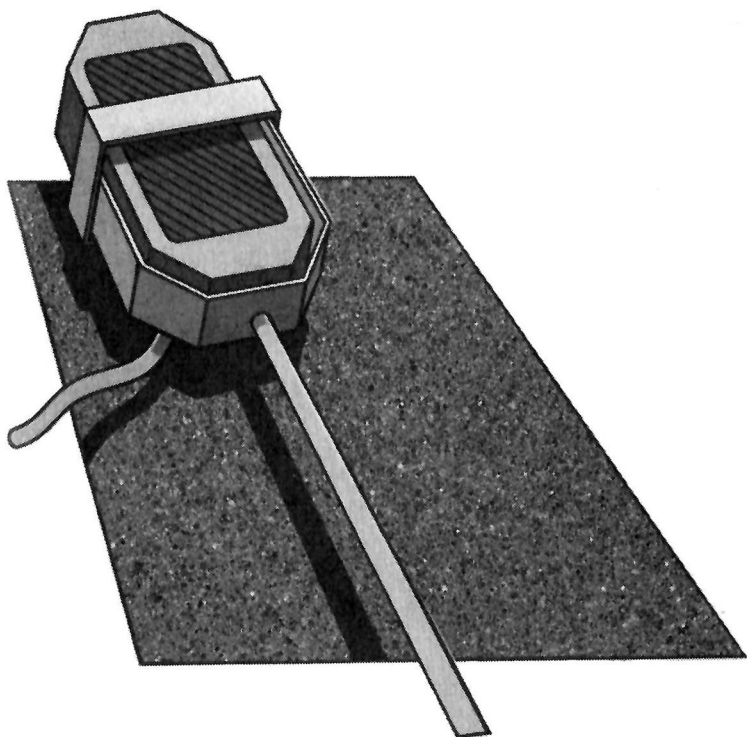
Ingredients

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| 1 middle-aged man | 1 black neighbor |
| His twice-divorced wife | 2 old grandparents: one deaf, one incontinent |
| 1 daughter by her previous marriage | 1 clunker |
| 2 teenage children by their marriage | 1 parrot that swears |

Method:

- 1 Separate middle-aged man from his twice-divorced wife, but leave man in the same house with grandparents.
- 2 Take twice-divorced wife and place in bed-sit room of house owned by black neighbor next door.
- 3 Whip up emotion by splitting the two grandparents and the two teenage children by first marriage. Place them equally in middle-aged man's house and his wife's basement next door.
- 4 Leave parrot that swears with middle-aged man. (Parrot can be stuffed at any time.)
- 5 Stir up the situation with teenage daughter from previous marriage moving in with black neighbor.
- 6 Add thick helping of fun with middle-aged man constantly driving clunker over black neighbor's motorcycle.
- 7 Leave to stew for six episodes. (Ratings mark 10-11 million.)

(THIS RECIPE SERVES A WHOLE NATION)



MY SHOW

I am often asked: "Max, what's Your secret? What gives You that calm and confident air on our screen?"

Well the answer is simple, and I don't like to blow My own French hormone, but I'm good at what I do! And you can't change that, can you?

Yes, I see Myself as witty, urbane, popular and with a keen sense of style. But that's not important – what counts is *how others see Me*, and funnily enough they see Me in the same way!

Now I'm not going to say My show was a *breakthrough in television*, because others have already said it! But I have to tell you that everyone was pleased with the way My *ratings* shot up. In fact, I did try to call once to get the



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But to give you an idea of how I prepare for My Show, here is a brief outline of what happens in the final few hours:

3 pm I am called for by Thorneycroft, My chauffeur.
He drives Me to the studios in My *limousine* –
and for the benefit of the humble reader, that's
a big car. Mine has *reverse-tinted windows*,
which means My public can see me, but I can't
see them. (I find it so depressing to see
Ordinary People getting wet in the rain.)

4.30 pm We arrive at the studios, and are greeted by the **RENT-A-COP**. As I said, I can't see him, but I'm told he salutes Me, then waves us through. In fact, I must be the only one he allows through so quickly – normally Rent-A-Cops at TV studios are so powerful they can turn anyone away at will, and usually do. (I am told last year's Rent-A-Cops Christmas Party was a complete flop, because they wouldn't let each other in.)

4.45 pm I am taken straight to My ***dressingsuite***, and My ***valet*** checks that everything is in order. It is all there waiting for me – flowers, magazines, TV set and intercom with the studio itself – in fact anything I ask for, except a handle on the inside of the door.

5.00 pm In My suite, I am preparing Myself for the show: breathing deeply, doing eye exercises, and having My ego massaged until I am completely relaxed.

5.45 pm I am taken to the studio, arriving just a few minutes before 6 to enjoy a final ***preshow cocktail*** with My team, while the nation waits

with white knuckles on the arms of chairs,
beads of perspiration on upper lips, and last-
minute visits to the toilet.

6.00 pm The Big Moment: I go on air and greet My
public!

There – a fascinating little peep inside for you!

However, I'm afraid I now have to come onto a far more
serious and depressing subject, and those of you who
watched My shows might already have guessed what it
is! Yes, a certain individual . . .

MY EX-PRODUCER TIM

In all my vast television experience, I've only come up
against one unpleasant character – yes, My ex-producer Tim.
And some of you will remember the rather degrading scenes
I had with him.

We had an understanding that went beyond words –
basically because we never spoke. And after trying to throw
his weight around – all ninety pounds of it – for weeks on
end, he finally left the studio in a blazing temper. (I think one
of the stagehands set fire to his anorak.)

In fact, Tim and I go back a long way – but whereas I'm
now moving forward, I'm afraid he's still going back very
quickly! He's probably in open-toed sandals at this very
moment, with a guitar and backpack, trying to hitchhike
round Italy on five lire a day! It's like a reverse timewarp – it
wouldn't surprise Me if he called me next week and said he
was starting up a jug band!

I think the trouble began when he kept insisting that I
should do a stand-up comedy act. I told him over and over
again that I would not be a stand-up comic, but he hated not
getting his own way. He just wanted Me to do *one-line*
jokes for him – I think his problem was *maternal rejection*:



NOVELS AVAILABLE ON TAP

Do you know his mother left him on so many doorsteps the neighbors thought he was a Jehovah's Witness! . . .

She must have hated him! When he cried she stuck a dummy in his mouth – she got them from the local dress shop window . . .

And she'd do wicked things like subletting his stroller, and putting him in Diaper Rash Contests . . .

He's still got the scars on his chest because the hospital told her to breast-feed him . . .

He ended up with a wet nurse – she was called that because she only took him out in the pouring rain . . .

And he was a lonely child – the nearest he got to having fun was playing Patience at his birthday party, and counting the cards he'd sent himself . . .

His parents were so unkind – they bought him a talking teddy bear and when he picked it up, it said "You creep!" . . .

And they were mean! One Christmas he asked his Dad for toy soldiers, so his Dad gave him an empty box and said they were all deserters! . . .

The girls at school teased him too – they used to take him round the back of the parking lot and make him fix flat tires . . .

It was behind the parking lot that he had his first lesson about sex – someone told him how to make babies and he was sick! It wasn't the details about sex, it was practicing the cigarette afterward that did it! . . .

And Tim wanted Me to do one-line jokes! Pathetic, isn't it? Of course, in the end we just fell out. Well he did – out of My office window!

Still, I'm glad I've got all that off My chest, so let's cheer

ourselves up and "open the door" on the other less poisonous people around Me.

MY TEAM

Of course no show is automatically a success, and Mine would not be without the contribution of its most important element – **Me!**

Nevertheless, I have a fairly reasonable team around Me – unfortunately all rather prone to emotional outbursts resulting from the pressure – but here I would like to give them a treat, and for the first time identify them to you.

Normally this would be done with a photograph and their names underneath. However since they are all rather faceless anyway, the actual photograph isn't necessary, so overleaf is a drawn outline of the typical crowd around Me in the studio.

Yes, they are few of the Ordinary People who huddle round Me, like a large squirming litter of puppies. (And I can't think of a better word for them than litter!)

That just about sums up the subject of television, and I'm afraid a lot of this Stage has been about Me, but well – that's television! So let's move on now to the final Stage of My Guide, and of course My name may crop up once or twice again. "It's a good job You're popular, Max!" I hear you say! Am I really? . . .

*

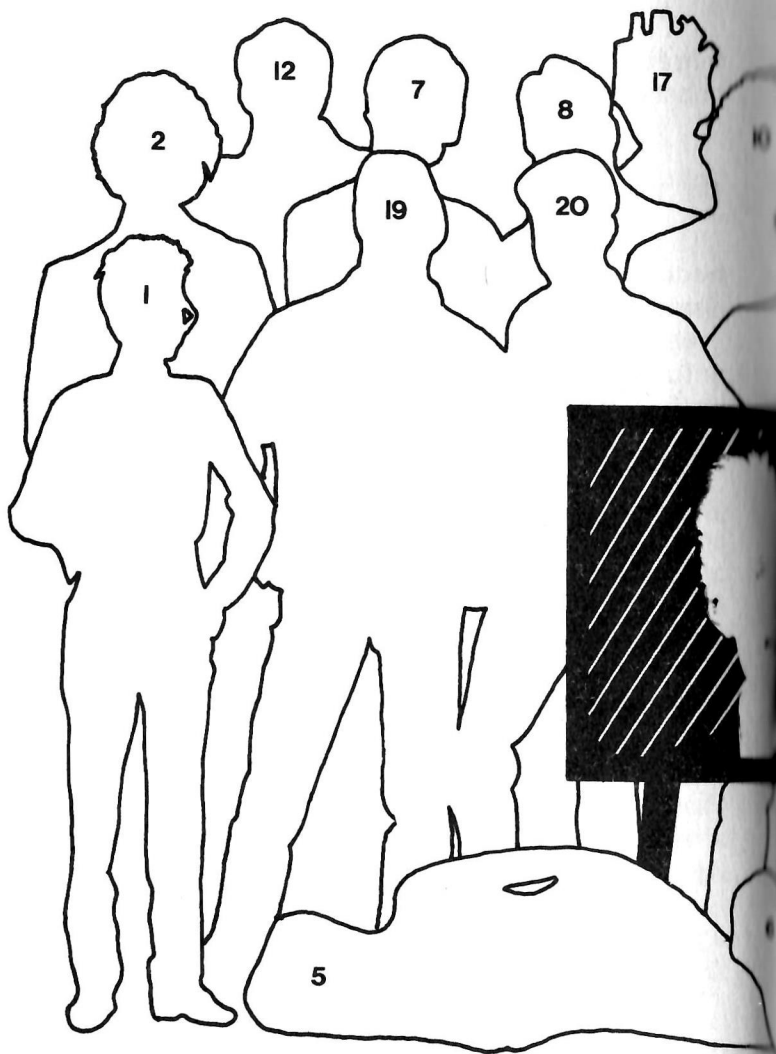
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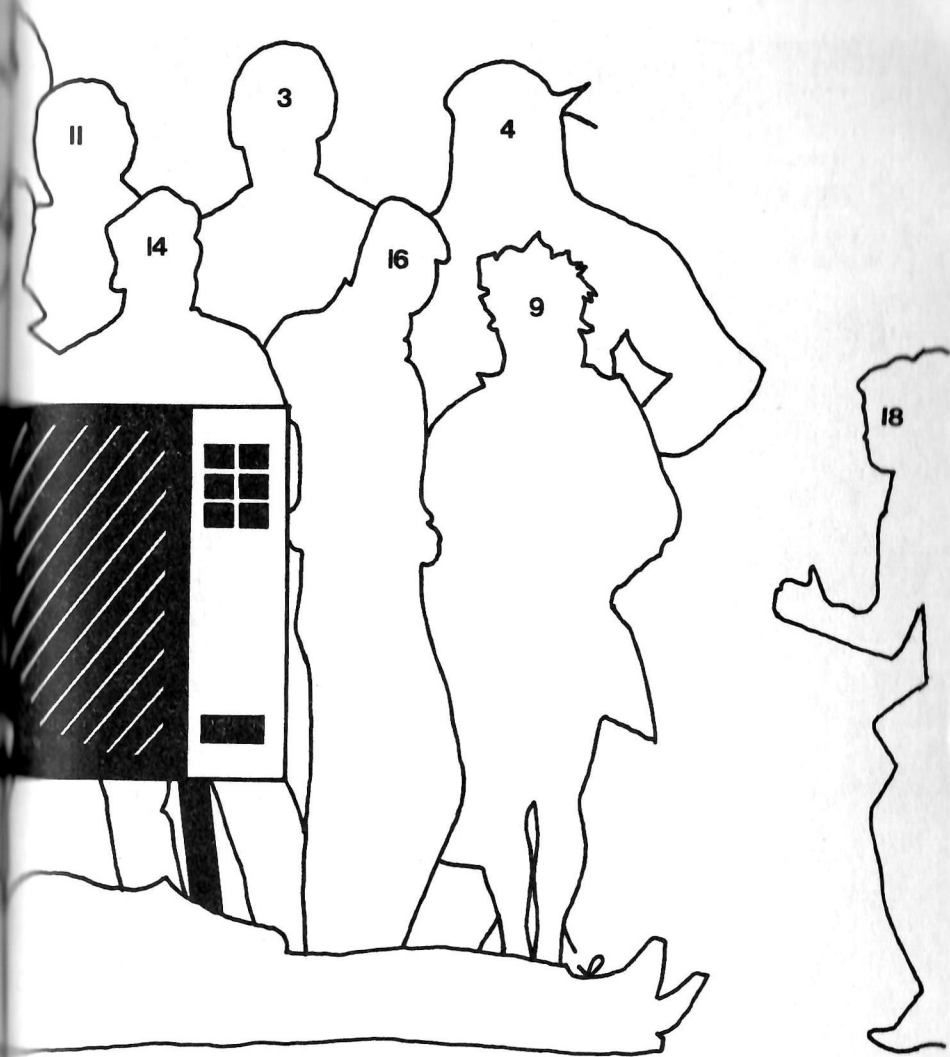
"Life is television, so be what I am – 'Box Clever'!"



Max Headroom



- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 My ex-producer Tim | 6 My other director |
| 2 His mother | 7 Another director who hangs around the studio |
| 3 My new producer on trial (temporary) | 8 His friend |
| 4 Sylvester Stallone | 9 Madonna |
| 5 My director | 10 My valet |



- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| 11 His valet | 16 My other writer, who steals them |
| 12 Mick Jagger | 17 Princess Caroline of Monaco |
| 13 My speech trainer | 18 My photographer (taking the picture on a delayed timer) |
| 14 My speech trainer's analyst | 19 A man who wanders around – I've never found out what he does |
| 15 My writer, who jots down My ideas | 20 His assistant |





D I D
I T

-MY WAY



es, it's true – I Did It My Way! There's no other way, is there?
But what would you do if *you* ever got to the top of the tree? The answer is, never forget the important rule:

Always Be Nice To People!

Of course that comes easily to Me – too easily at times! Only recently I had a phone call inviting Me to the White House. I said yes immediately, but then the fool at the other end put the phone down without telling Me which street the White House was on! Aren't people frustrating!

And also, being where I am means coming across famous individuals who abuse their position – who think that just because they've "arrived," they can relax. (And to be honest, a lot of them spend most of their time as relaxed as newts!) In fact one of them said to Me only the other day "Max, you straddle the world like a colostomy!" I think I understand what he meant.

Now you may remember that on the final show of My first series, I felt so moved that I suddenly burst into song! And in fact that very song was one I wrote on a plane – somewhere over the Atlantic, I think it was – and I just scribbled it down as the words came to Me. Of course I did this because it's the popular custom among Stars – I imagine you've all seen photographs of songs written on scraps of paper or the back of a used envelope, so I just did the same! The difference was that the only scrap of paper I had was a small banknote, so that had to do!

The point of all this is that I have it here still (and one day perhaps I'll auction it and pay off the entire National Debt). But first a little treat! Yes, now that My writers have gazed on it and sat lovingly fingering it, I'm going to allow you to see it – here, in My Guide!

And may it be an encouragement to any of you who might one day in a frivolous moment think of doing the same as Me!

Notes for a hit!!

TITLE. ~~YES I'M A GENIUS!~~
~~MORE THAN A GENIUS!~~
IT'S BEEN A GREAT SHOW!

(OK!)
It's been a great show
We're sorry that it's through
~~GENIUS is such a rare word~~
Goodbye is such a real word
So let's just say I'm a genius
Adieu

I know I'm impossible
I have my ups and downs
Forgive me - of course you will
~~I'm a GENIUS~~
I'm so good to have around

TRUE GENIUS (s)
I'm rumbustious, I'm devil-may-care
I must have its flaws
you see
I'm just ME!!

Yes, gives you a funny, quivery feeling to look at it, doesn't it!



And so we've come to the end of My Guide – the sad moment when we have to say goodbye to each other! . . . No! Cheer up! It is sad, yes – but just remember how much you've learned! And I hope that somewhere along the way I've made you laugh, made you cry, and maybe even made you think a little!

But before we part, one more little Max surprise! Yes, you've guessed it . . . the song! Our Song! Because that's how I like to think of it!

And so now, I'm going to ask all of you Ordinary People, wherever you may be, to gather round, and join in and sing it with Me – and let's close Our Book together!

Goodbye! . . . Good luck! . . . I love you!

IT'S BEEN A GREAT SHOW

Molto Rubato

It's been a great show we're sorry that it's through Goodbye is such a

sad word so let's just say Adieu I knew that you'd all

love Me from the very start 'cos I love My self from the bottom of My

(liver spleen) heart I know I'm impossible I have my ups and downs For—

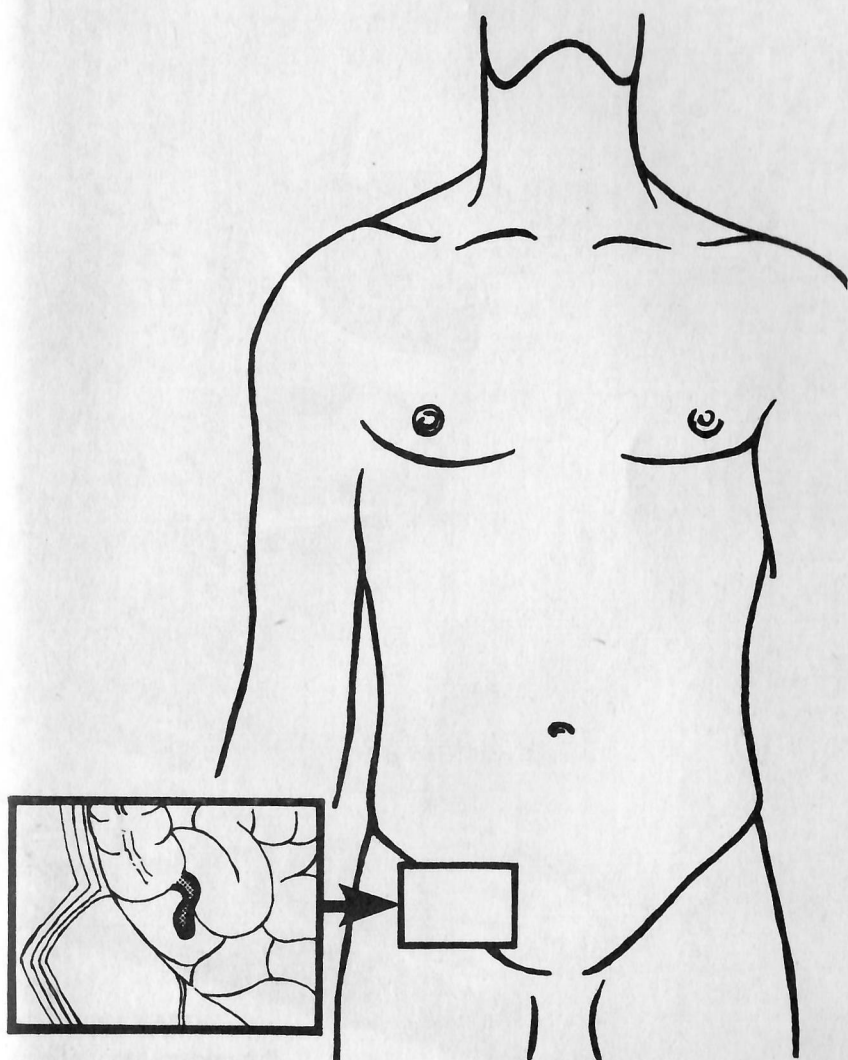
give Me of course you will I'm so good to have around True Genius

must have its flaw you see I'm rumbustious I'm devil-may-care

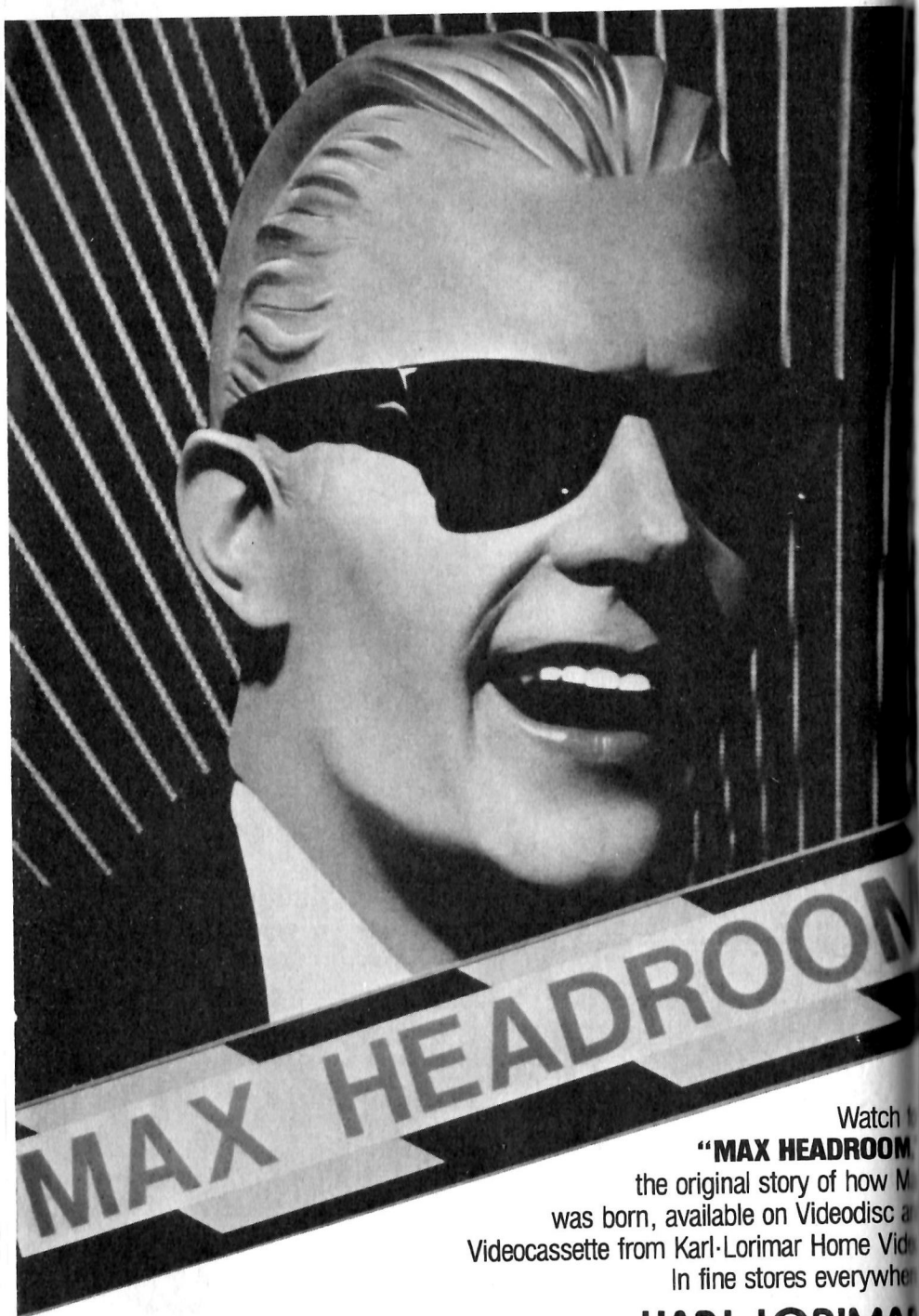
I'm just-swagger-Me

Chords and markings:
 E♭sus4, A♭9, E♭9, E♭9, Gm7, F#13, Bm7, E♭9, A♭9, E♭9, E♭9, A♭9, C/E♭, Fm, Fm/E♭, Fm/E♭, Fm/B♭, Fm/E♭, Bm/A♭, Bm/A♭, Bm7, Fm/E♭, Fm/A♭, Bm7, A♭9, Bm7.

Appendix



"MAX HEADROOM" NOW MAKING HOUSE CALLS!!



Watch
"MAX HEADROOM"
the original story of how M
was born, available on Videodisc a
Videocassette from Karl-Lorimar Home Video
In fine stores everywhere

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HOME VIDEO

THE BEATLES...THE STONES...DUDLEY MOORE...
DAVID BOWIE...MONTY PYTHON...DIRE STRAITS...

ALL

MADE A DENT IN AMERICA—
BUT MAX HEADROOM IS COMING TO DIG A QUARRY.

SO WHO IS MAX, ANYWAY? LET HIM SPEAK FOR HIMSELF... "Well, in My own humble little way I suppose I'm David Letterman, MTV, and Dr. Ruth all rolled into three. They call Me the world's first computer-generated television host, a video trendsetter, and fashion plate, but really, megastar will do. If I do have a flaw it's a very unusual skin condition... it's called perfect."

WHO CAN SAY MORE? YES, MAX CAN. AND HE CERTAINLY DOES IN HIS GUIDE. If you've ever wondered how to cope with a personality crisis (because you don't have any personality), then turn to Max, Mr. Personality, and let some of His rub off on you.

LET MAX SHOW YOU HOW TO LIVE THE GOOD LIFE—from shoes to sex to sex with no shoes on at all, from body language to bodybuilding, from party tips to advice on arranging flowers at a Hay Fever Conference. Plus, a cast of thousands march (and get tripped up) through the illustrated pages of this illustrious guide: Madonna, Springsteen, Stallone, Mick and Mrs. Jagger, Mr. and Mrs. Princess Di, Mr. President and Mrs. President Reagan, and many more.

MAX DID IT ALL HIS WAY.
AND NOW HE SHOWS YOU HOW
TO DO IT HIS WAY, TOO!

MAX HEADROOM'S GUIDE TO LIFE

ADAPTED FOR ORDINARY PEOPLE



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